
Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	Students' Council
EDITORIAL.. . . .	69
Back Beyond the Setting Sun — by J. West	70
Student Life at Macdonald — S. W. H.	71
A Defence of Fussing — J. W.	76
Smeltquay-on-sea — P. W. Smith	80
Al Falfa Sez	81
Morning — S. F. B.	83
Yankee doodle (Impression)	84
Our Art Corner — S. F. B.	86
Strive On	87
A Madman's Curse	88
Social Activities Committee	89
Aunt Pussie's Post	90
Women's Athletic Executive	93
College Life	94
Men's Athletic	99

MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Postgraduate Students	100
Agricultural Alumni	101
One Summer Day — C. H.	103
Agriculture	104
Christmas at Mac. — “Mac.” the P. G.	107
Term End — J. W.	109
Under the Desk Lamp	110
The Standard Kiss	113
The Bachelor’s Inferno	115
In Lighter Vein	116

The Macdonald College Magazine is published four times during the College year by the students. Subscription: \$1.00 per year. Address all subscriptions, etc., to the Business Manager, all advertising matter to the Advertising Manager, and all matter for publication to the Editor, Macdonald College Magazine, Macdonald College, P. O., P. Q.



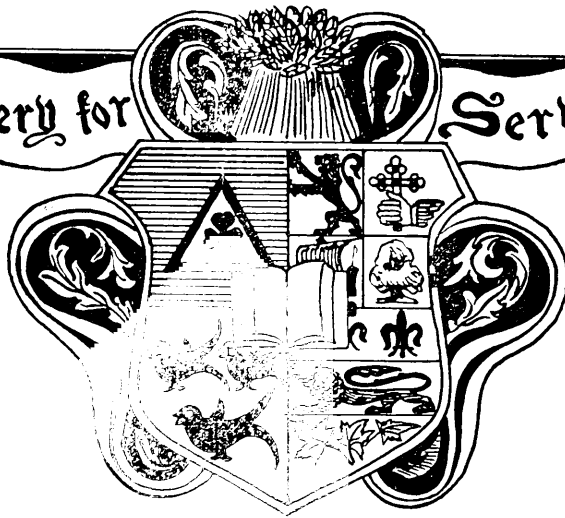
REGULATIONS FOR MAGAZINE COPY

1. Whenever possible copy should be typewritten; when this is not possible, a large, clear, handwriting should be adopted.
2. All copy should be written (or typed) upon *one* side of the paper *only*. An ample margin should be left at the top and bottom and on either side of the page. Double spacing should be adopted — that is to say alternate lines should be left blank.
3. The pages of the manuscript should be pinned together in the top left-hand corner and then folded lengthwise with the writing inside. On the outside of the folded manuscript — that is to say, on the back of the last page — the author should write his or her name together with the title of the “story” and a rough estimate of the number of words.
4. All words liable to be misread — *e. g.*, proper names, foreign phrases, etc., — should be written in BLOCK CAPITALS.
5. Attention is to be paid to mechanical correctness, punctuation and spelling. In order to secure uniformity throughout the magazine, the English form of spelling should be used. — That is to say, the forms “thru,” “askt,” “favor” for “through,” “asked,” and “favour” are to be avoided.
6. Authors who desire their copy to be returned to them after the publication of the magazine should add a note to that effect on the outside of the manuscript. The Editor will only be responsible for manuscripts so labelled.



Mastery for

Service.



Vol. XVII

No. III

Macdonald College Magazine

The Staff

Editorial:

Editor: G. A. Shaw, Agr. '27.

Assts. V. Dawson, Agr. '28, Miss B. Coates, B. H. S. '27.,
L. de Belle, T. '26.

Business:

Manager: W. B. Hamilton, Agr. '26. Asst. J. West, Agr. '28.

Advertising:

Manager: D. R. Walker, Agr. '26. Asst. W. B. H. Marshall.

Circulation:

Circulation Managers: Miss I. Nicholls, B. H. S. '27.

B. G. Montserin, Agr. '27.

Asst. Circulation Managers: { F. B. Fraser, Agr. '29.

{ L. R. Finlayson, Agr. '29.

Department Editors:

College Life; A. J. Hicks, Agr. '27, Miss N. McCully, H. Sc.
'27, Miss A. Stroud, T. '26.

Our Wider Interest: S. M. Walford, Agr. '26.

Agriculture: W. Levine, Agr. '26.

Alumni:

Agr. Graduates: E. A. Lods, B. S. A.

Agr. Undergraduates: L. J. Cooke, Agr. '26.

Teachers: Miss M. Wilson, T. '26.

Household Science: Miss A. Treston, H. Sc. '26.

Faculty Items:

W. A. Maw, B. S. A.

Proofreaders:

E. T. Bynoe, Agr. '28.

N. B. MacMaster, Agr. '29.



JOHN F. MUIR



A. J. HICKS
SECRETARY



MABEL CAMERON



CARMELO FOLEY
VICE-PRESIDENT



ANNE PATRICK



B. W. METHUEN
PRESIDENT



KAY BEATON



MARGARET LASHAM
VICE-PRESIDENT



GEO. M. TAIT



LESLIE J. COOKE
TREASURER



SINCLAIR CAIRNS, M.A., B.Phil.
HON. VICE-PRESIDENT



F. C. HARRISON, D.Sc., F.R.S.C.
HON. PRESIDENT

STUDENTS COUNCIL

1925-1926

MACDONALD COLLEGE

McGILL UNIVERSITY

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVI

JAN.-FEB.

No. 2



At the beginning of a New Year and a new term at College we notice many changes within our ranks—particularly in the personnel of our fair friends across the oval.

Last December saw the successful completion of their courses by the Elementary Teachers and the Short Course Household Science. While we rejoice with them over their achievements we regret that their departure means the severing of many newly-formed friendships.

To those who have left us we wish every success. We have enjoyed their brief stay as much as they enjoyed staying with us and we only hope that Macdonald has meant something definite in the life of each of them.

To the incoming classes we offer a hearty welcome, knowing well that it will not be long before they have accustomed themselves to the regular routine, and will soon be adding their quota to the life and organizations of the college.

In commencing the New Year, the

Magazine Board makes an earnest appeal to you for support. Do something! Let us remember that the Magazine is the only official organ of the student body; it is certainly not a side issue in which only the members of the Board and a few other hard-working students take part. It is for the benefit of the whole college. The Magazine Staff forms only a small fraction of the entire student body, and therefore, without your co-operation, failure is inevitable.

We would like to make a few suggestions:—Get interested in the Magazine and if you have any suggestions let us have them, as they are most acceptable. Give cheerfully and of your best without complaint, bearing in mind the fact that if there were no contributors, there would be no Magazine; suggest the names of persons who would be likely to contribute articles; send in illustrations; patronize our advertisers; and last, but not least—do not be over anxious to criticize.

“Back Beyond The Setting Sun”

John West

There are many paths of life,
Which are happy paths to go;
They are far away from strife,
And the sorrows borne of woe.

And the men who tread the ways,
Have no thought of what is done;
In those lands, that God displays,
Back beyond the setting sun.

There's a trail that leads you on,
To those lands beneath the world;
It's a trail that's dear to one,
For it's neither crossed nor curled.

Oh! it's straight towards the West,
Far beyond the land and sea,
Till you reach the land that's best,
Where the laws are wide and free.

Where a man is sized and held,
Not by what he has to say,
But by troubles he has fell'd
In the course of every day.

Oh! they're many things of worth
That their fighting spirit's won;
They're the salt of all the earth —
Back beyond the setting sun.



Student Life at Macdonald

By S. W. Hetherington

"Then clear your throats, my hearties,
And join me in my lay:
Sing Macdonald! Braw Macdonald!
Till the night come,—or the day!"

Standing on the River Road, a few hundred feet to the east of the centre of Ste. Annes, one may look across the front campus of Macdonald College. Let him stand within the shadow of the trees that skirt the road and he might easily imagine himself in the midst of fairyland. On his south the waters of the widening Ottawa flow silently on their way to join with those of the majestic St. Lawrence. The college grounds and buildings on the north complete the observer's impression that he is in a veritable paradise. This feeling is enhanced too, should he become a Macdonaldonian, for the enjoyment of the privileges of residential collegiate life cannot fail to strengthen one's love for all the natural beauties of the secluded location.

Incorporated in 1906, Macdonald is the youngest college of McGill University. The infant institution stands to-day but little changed from the year when completed. In 1905 Macdonald College received the name it now bears. Sir William Macdonald culminated his varied and remarkable business career when he gave to McGill the completely equipped and endowed college that now perpetuates the name of the founder.

Age is a priceless asset in any college. Macdonald has not had time in a fifth of a century of useful life, to fix firmly her traditions and ideas; and to surround herself with loyalties, friendships and mem-

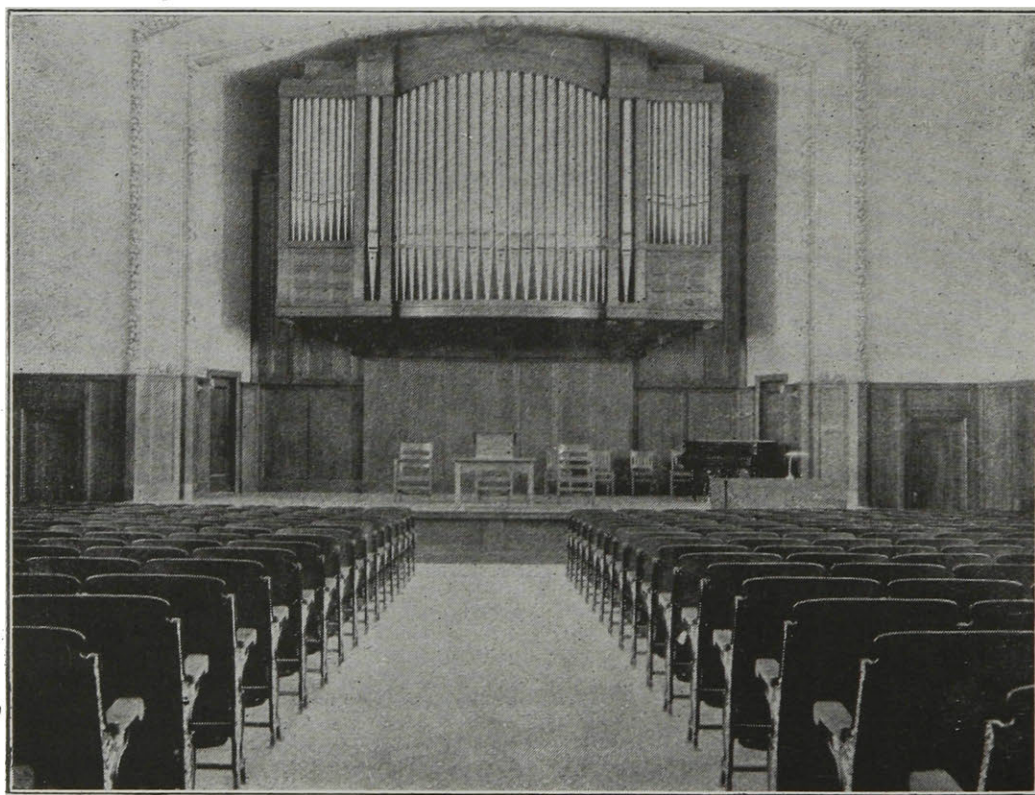
ories. Time alone cannot be criticized adversely for this lack of perpetuation of traditions. Senior years, past and present, and the student body at large, have neglected to foster the precedents, worthy or otherwise, established by former years. Diversification of interests and the unwillingness of a few to respect the wishes of the majority have resulted in the abolition of a desirable and coherent fixation process. Before traditions at Macdonald become a reality her students must realize that the game of "give and take," the fundamental game of life, has a place in college, as well as in the home and business world.

The real Macdonald centers on the Main Building, as around it stands the residences for men and women, and the laboratories for the sciences. The two dormitories and the Main Building form a semi-circle facing the front campus and the river. Macdonald has a larger and finer general library than any other College of its size in the country, due chiefly to the splendid facilities which have been provided for the care and handling of books. The Assembly Hall is located on the second floor of the Main Building and has a seating capacity for nearly seven hundred persons. Equipped with a large three-manual pipe organ, a grand piano, and an excellent stage, the auditorium is admirably fitted for plays, debates and lectures. It is here, at the first

general assembly of the student body in the fall, that the four hundred or more Macdonald men and women gather to greet each other and to elect certain officers for the Session. This first meeting the freshman probably never forgets. The men, shy and retiring as usual, have taken seats haphazard toward the rear of the hall, and the women have massed in a body at the front. The whole company very good-naturedly listen to talks by the President of the Students' Council and the Presidents of the recognized associations or societies.

bellishments which must be worn under penalty of extreme displeasure. Other decorations are prohibited so a freshman may be known by what he does or does not wear.

Near the end of the year comes the annual election of the presidents of the major organizations of the college. Unfortunately the glamour of a political campaign is not in evidence and the men considered capable by the majority are elected without much ado. An active campaign, with more than one man nominated for office and the publication of



Frequently the college at special assemblies is honored by the presence of a distinguished visitor or alumnus. His informal welcome, which usually takes place on a holiday or in the evening, is always memorable, for student and for guest alike.

The front campus is astir in the fall. With initiation and all its mysteries officially abolished, the Sophomores start the new men on the road to knowledge by prescribing and supplying certain em-

platforms, would make this event of the college year extremely interesting and the positions would become of greater value in the estimation of the entire student body.

The playtime of the college man and woman is largely devoted to athletic exercises,—pursued as individual diversion, or in connection with some recognized college sport,—and the centers of such activities at Macdonald are the large and well-equipped gymnasiums in the two res-

idences. Here, in addition to the regulation equipment of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and heavy apparatus, with which the students become well acquainted during the evenings, or periods of required "gym" work, is a running track, a wrestling room, and swimming pools into which they dive in comfort though the mercury is flirting with the twenty below mark.

Few colleges can boast of a place within a minutes walk from the center of college activity where the under-graduate or graduate may disport himself with all the liberty which he has been accustomed to enjoy at home. To the rear of the Main Building is the back campus which is set aside for the men's playground. On the east of the Women's Residence is a spacious field of three acres which is reserved, in all the seasons except winter, for the use of the women students. South of the rear campus is land which some day may be used for tennis courts.

Macdonald believes in the development of intramural athletics. Contests are planned in every sport, including baseball, football, basketball, swimming, track and hockey, between classes and other groups. Encouragement is given to men, whether of promising calibre or not, to enter competitive sports. This means the development of healthful rivalry and, incidentally, a great deal of fun for everyone.

Sport on the water is also open to the man student who can swim, and right at the doors of the College. There is splendid boating on the Ottawa for the amateur sailor, with a straight run of ten miles from Ste. Annes to Lachine, and with innumerable bays and islands and pleasantly varied shores.

Macdonald regards her good sportsmanship and clean playing as more im-

portant than the record of her victories. The College has a reputation for a strict enforcement of her eligibility rules, an absence of professionalism among her players, and a record of good behaviour on the part of her teams that any college might admire. Macdonald is also proud of her schedules which include, year after year, in **football, basketball and hockey**, leading teams from Montreal, Ottawa, and other centers not more distant. Back of the team is an undergraduate body which has learned, after sad experience, that organized "rooting" supplies the push needed at the critical moment of the game and in the future it is confidently believed that the teams will be supported to a man.

Macdonald has yet to learn how to disport herself when her team is victorious in an important contest. By eight o'clock in the evening the pent-up enthusiasm of the occasion should be ready to be turned loose. A procession, its path marked by the glow of red fire from "cat-tail" torches, and as it continues down the main street of Ste. Annes the flare of Roman candles, would produce the historical effect of "painting the town red."

The march back to the college could be made a repetition of the march to the town, except that the fireworks would probably have given out and throats would be hoarse with singing and cheering. A bonfire on the road bordering the oval could flame forth a welcome to the returning army. A giant ring should be formed about it, and the dance be on until the heap is nearly reduced to glowing embers. Then should come speeches from everyone who would talk—captain, manager, alumni and professors of acknowledged wit, and the "Doctor" himself if a scouting party of freshmen has been able to escort him to the center of fun. The singing of "All Hail, Macdonald"

ald" would fittingly conclude the celebration, and it would take but a minute for the campus to regain the silence that becomes it. Only the smouldering embers of the bonfire would be left to tell the story of a Macdonald team that fought well — and won.

Quite as engrossing as the Macdonald man's sports is his connection with the various societies and other student organizations. Their number is large and their variety ensures to everyone a chance to make his particular talent count. The average college man cannot view with complacent apathy the bustling under-

centers of the work of these organizations. These residences are very democratic places. A Macdonald man, finds in his a music-room, where, if he wants to lounge, he may loaf royally, where also, if he is a pianist, he can find instrument and audience always at hand; if he wants to study, and finds dormitory room unsuited to his taste, he may spend hours in the inviolable seclusion of the Library. The central auditorium is the scene of many of the social gatherings of the College at which prominent speakers are heard, student plays and vaudeville are presented, and occasionally an impromptu



graduate world of which he is a part; he must soon experience that zest of friendly competition which is to make him or some of his mates distinguished citizens of the college community. It is not in athletics alone this spirit of honest rivalry is dominant; there are many other activities to which the student may turn his attention and in which he may hope to excel. Journalism, literature, debating, music, and the business-like administration of teams, clubs and other student organizations—these are some of the fields of endeavor in which he may receive a training that will not prove worthless in after years. The two residences are the

entertainment takes place. In this Assembly Hall, too, mass meetings are held to discuss subjects close to the student's heart.

In their social life the fellowship of Macdonald men and women is the closer because Macdonald is a comparatively small college in which everyone knows everyone else. The rule "Keep your affections in cold storage" prevails and consequently no intimacies exist. In their intellectual life also the compactness of the college body fosters a wholesome comradeship. In the classroom the students are taught by men nationally prominent in their chosen field, and naturally

catch enthusiasm from the effective presentation of their matured views. The personal acquaintance of professor and student, which small classes make possible, should be extended in less formal relations. Clubs such as The Agro, The Science Club and The English Club, to which both students and members of the faculty could belong, would furnish opportunity for much fine and unforced association of this kind in the discussion of scientific, social and literary matters. Election to membership in these clubs could be made an honor much esteemed. Every Macdonald man, too, cherishes the memory of many lively evenings when he and a group of his fellows, stimulated, perhaps, by a lecture of the morning, sat about the room on beds, chairs and tables and in a cloud of smoke settled the problems of the universe, with vigor, if not with all the wisdom, of age.

The close of the college year always finds the student at his busiest, from the point of view both of his books and of the activities into which he has put as much of his extra time as he could conveniently, or otherwise, spare. Naturally the Senior is busiest of all. With final examinations out of the way and his degree fairly in sight, the last-year man prepares to take formal leave of his college. The days between the close of "exams" and Convocation are crowded with engrossing details, details that an undergraduate can but speculate on. In it all is the realization of what the end of college really means, a realization never so vivid as when the leave-taking is at hand. Then when Macdonald bids her parting sons and daughters godspeed she knows that in their hearts is the never-to-be-forgotten "Macdonald, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"





A Defence of Fussing

By John West

"For it's not for knowledge
That we came to college,
But to raise Cain all the year."

Thus sings the light-hearted freshman, while the cynical sophomores look on in pity, knowing full well what lies ahead of him. And 'far from the maddening crowd,' the sedate seniors, as they keep up their continual grind, curse with vexation born of disillusion as the mocking refrain ever and anon pierces to their sanctuaries.

Each one of these three types is both right and wrong. For what do we seek when we come to college? Not work alone, nor sport alone, nor yet social life entirely—but a combination of all three. And the question arises as to how best they may be combined. He who specializes entirely in sport, may become a Red Grange with a fortune at his command, if he is lucky. But he will probably de-

velop into the brawny giant with the brain of an insect, for ever at the beck and call of the mentally efficient. The specialist in social life may rise to be the students' president, but he is far more likely to swell the ranks of the modern army of lounge lizards. While the man who devotes all his time to work, will probably lead his year and obtain a B. S. A. degree. But what does the degree mean? At most it stands for a cushy government job, with a small pension when the years of senile decay are reached.

Now it seems quite justifiable to state that a college life should so combine the three aspects as to make it both pleasant and interesting for the average student. The question of the man with the super-intellect does not enter into this argument, for he is rightly in a class by himself. But for the average student, specialization in any one branch of activity cannot spell complete enjoyment. Take

the case of the freshman who devotes all his energies to work. He comes out top of his class, but in so doing he has lost touch with sport and social life. The next year he decides to obtain more enjoyment while at college, so he goes in for everything. Being an average student, he does moderately well in everything, and stars in none. Though he perchance forfeits his position as head of the class, he has surely obtained a higher standard of education in its wider sense. Yet the gods on high Olympus thunder forth their verdict that he has committed the unforgivable sin. He has fussed to the detriment of his scholastic activities. They, in their glorious omnipotence, fail to see that the wretched student has only an average brain which cannot combine at once leadership in sport, top position in class,—and fussing!

And why should we be forbidden the tree of social life any more than the tree of knowledge? No man has a right to call himself a true son of his Alma Mater, unless he has first partaken of all her gifts. "To fuss or not to fuss—that is the question." And while fussing is forbidden because it is supposed to be a drag on study, there are many weighty points in its favour. The average fusser has many advantages over his crude bachelor rival. He becomes acquainted with some of the foibles of the fairer sex. I say "some" advisedly, for their name is legion. He is furthermore continually keyed up to concert pitch. He parts his hair and shaves at least once a week. And his self-

respect is vastly increased at the thought of the honours brought him by close friendship with Miss Blank. He is determined to do wonders in both work and play, since her lustrous eyes are ever on him—as he supposes. Fussing forms a background of colorful relaxation for the stern necessities of work and sport, a relaxation which the bachelor can seek only in the ale-house or the opium den. And finally this form of activity, which the elite term "fussing," offers a ready and advantageous outlet for pocket money which might otherwise find its way into the coffers of the tobacconist and the Q. L. C.

The question of fussing brings up two pictures. The one shows a student unkempt and 'bearded like the pard,' with wan cheeks and haunted looks, digging into a pile of imaginary work. He is obviously a bachelor. The other shows a very proper young man, washed and brushed, returning with blithesome step from a pleasant tête-a-tête at Wright's, to resume his studies with a light heart. He is quite as obviously a fusser.

A certain sage was wont to advise his pupils to be friendly but not intimate toward the fairer sex. But why should a student become a mere emotionless machine fit only to turn out so many thousands of words an hour during examinations. Of the four evils of life—Wine, Work, Woman and Weeds, the woman is infinitely the more delectable. Let us therefore be happy while we may, for tomorrow we shall be flunked!



Smeltquay-on-Sea

(An Impression)

By P. W. Smith

I had almost decided to spend my last summer-holidays at Ramsgate, when I had the luck to meet my old friend Jack Leatherbotham. I hadn't seen him for eight years. We had been chums at Workhum Hall School and, after leaving the old place, had kept up an intermittent correspondence which had stopped three years ago, and since then I had lost all track of my friend.

When we met again it was a case of "Well, well, well, Great Scott alive." Where have you been all this time, did you get my last letter?" and so on. We had supper together and during the conversation he asked "Where are you going for the holidays?" "Ramsgate, I expect," I answered. "Well look here, don't," he said, but come with me to Smeltquay-on-Sea. (For the benefit of those who have not heard of this place, it is pronounced Smelky-on-Sea.) "It's an out-of-the-way little place but there is good fishing and bathing to be had, and the lodgings are much less expensive than at any of the more fashionable resorts." "It doesn't sound any too grand" I said, "Have you been there." "No I haven't, but a friend of mine spent his holidays there and was telling me all about the place. Smeltquay is on the other side of the mouth of the R. Wobble from Shipton where the steamers leave for the Channel Islands and France."

The Wobble is one of those small streams which are mostly all mouth, and I gathered from my friend's account that owing to the flatness of the coast at low tide Smeltquay is left stranded as it were against miles of level sands.

The air at Smeltquay is said to be par-

ticularly rich in ozone, and the first thing I noticed on our arrival there, was the contrast to Shipton in the tone of this air. At Shipton a cold bracing breeze was blowing in from the Channel; at Smeltquay, no breeze, but there was an extra strong "sea smell" to use an expression. That smell of almost stagnant salt water, warmed up on mud flats and supporting a rank growth of sea weed, jelly fish, and sand worms; and yet its a healthy smell and one I rather like. The above mentioned mud flats by the way fulfilled my misgivings about the broad sands, my companion had spoken about. This condition of things is probably the cause of the abundance of ozone in the air, or at least the idea of its being there. Smeltquay is not directly in the Channel, but is sheltered in a broad bay looking across the river's mouth from Shipton; another reason for the mildness of its climate and the long bathing season, the water being warmer there earlier in the summer than at many other resorts. Along with this warmth of water you must also take the sea-weed and jelly fish so generously supplied by nature.

On taking our first stroll along the "prom" we found that the tide had gone out to seek the ocean, and the wide mud flats and numerous pools warmed by the sun were busy making ozone.

I was quite surprised at the large numbers of other holiday-makers who had also found their way to this little place. My friend met some old acquaintances, which helped to put him in good terms with the place. I was, however, dubious in my mind of its being the best place for two bachelors for I soon came to the

conclusion that the holiday-seekers consisted of two types, *i. e.*, mothers of large families, who sought a quiet place where they could let the kids run wild, and old ladies of the chronic invalid variety.

On the promenade scores of bath chairs were being wheeled slowly along by dejected specimens of men, and the chairs were inhabited by the old ladies typical of those who persist in hanging on to life though suffering from several incurable diseases.

One part of Smeltquay, I found quite interesting was the fishing village. This is spoken of locally as "Old Smeltquay" and is quite ancient, many of the fishermen's cottages, which are built of stone having stood for more than a century. Here there is no promenade, the narrow winding street being separated from the strip of beach by a low and broad stone wall. Along this part of the shore can always be seen a number of fishing smacks, hauled clear of the tide and showing a solidity of construction, not so apparent when they are in the water. Fishing nets being repaired or stretched out to dry also bear witness to the prim-

itive industry. I might write of the good fishing we had, going out in a fisherman's dory on more than one occasion, or the walks we took along the coast; the two weeks we spent there passing quickly enough. I will finish, however, with the following impression of the place.

One morning we arose early and were on the sea front before five. The promenade was deserted, there was not a bath chair in sight. It had rained in the night, the air was cool and moist. There was a dead calm, and a light mist hung with uneven thinness over the landscape, gathering in the upper reaches of the estuary. Whisps of smoke from the cottage chimneys and other signs of life could be seen at the fishing village; the fisher-folk are early risers.

Nature at this hour was a study in grey. A fleet of fishing boats dotted near and far in the bay and out to sea lay motionless and idle, the reddish-brown sails of the nearer ones clearly reflected in the still water. In the South East, long lines of clouds lay above the brightening horizon. The stillness was only broken by the cry of wheeling sea-gulls, and the gentle slap and wash of the high tide along the shore.



The Choice

By John West

The time has come for me to make
A choice of options here.
An easy one I'll have to take,
Or else I'm flunked next year.

Suggest a choice. Now, come one, Come!
Help me along a bit.
Don't shake your head and call me
"Dumb;"
I know I have no wit.

What! "Stinks." No sir, I'm not an ass!
I'll shun that choice right slick.
Let others fool with CO gas
That makes you feel so sick.

Nor Bact. I simply hate to think
That what "Codge" says is true:
In every glass of milk I drink
A million germs or two.

Then what about the poultry men?
That seems an easy line.
But every time I clutch a hen
An itch runs down my spine.

In Ent. there are a lot of things
That makes me want to die
Who wants to touch a bee that stings,
Or chase the homely fly?

I think I'll shun the live stock line,
I'm not a horsey man.
I don't like messing round with swine,
Or scrubbing out a pan.
I think I'll choose the fruity line;
It savours less of work
And more of eats—that's my design
Hard things to ever shirk.

Al Falfa Sez:

Wal, folks, the vacation for Christmas and Noo Years is all over and all the fellers and gals is back to lessons agin. When we got back here from hum, wal, some wuz glad—and some seemed kinder sad about it. The fellers who wuz here last winter sez that after Christmas is allus better, 'cos the folks all appreciate each other after missing 'em over the holidays. Wal, now, I dunno, but I calklate mebbe that's so. Afore Christmas I'm dummed if I didn't allus keep privatelike, by meself, but in the last week I reckon I hev larned quite a heap of information about this collitch and what the fellers and the gals do when they air not at lessons.

Wal, I reckon I'm a real genuwine, collitch boy. I know a thing or two, you bet! I'll sure hev a lot to tell the boys back at Lem Parsons' store when I get back ter hum along about spring. This air what they call a co-ed collitch, which means thet boys and gals both come here to get educated. Of course, now, they lives in different buildings, but I allow they mix up considerable one time or another.

Gosh, how these here collitch fellers and gals shore can talk. Back whar I was brung up, the boys and the old timers used to gather about Lem's stove in the back room and talk about crops and the war of 1812. Somebody was talking about some other war jist finished over in Europe or some other furrin' country—but that wuz last autumn before I came down here, and I don't believe him anyway. The wimmen folk back to Clydesdale Center is allus chattering about the market and their young 'uns and who made the best pies. Of course there was a little gossip now and then, but nothin' interestin.'

Down at collitch here they all talk dif-

ferent. The fellers talks about the fillies, and I hear tell that the gals does nothin' much but gossip with each other about the fellers acrost the big pasture. The other night I was fixin' to do my lessons, but I needed to borry a book. Wal, now, I walked into the next room where a fellow in the second year wuz livin', and bust in on what the fellers call a "session." Wal, I reckon there wuz nigh ten of 'em, scattered on the beds and chairs and leanin' up again th wall. They wuz all smoking pipes or these here dum cigarettes—and the air shore wuz heavy. Wal, one feller yells "Sit in, Al." So I flops down and drug out my old cob that I cut goin' on two year ago. Wal, folks, they wuz talkin' wimmen, and mebbe some of them fellers ain't wise when it comes to the fairer sex. Wal, I'm goldurned if I didn't larn a lot about gals thet night. The fellers sed wimmen wuz all right ef a guy didn't take them seriously, and then they all tells the meetin' bout their own personal experiences with different gals at hum, at collitch last year, and gals they had been acquainted to when they wuz workin' in summer. It shore beat all heck what a feller kin do when he's got what they call "technique." Wal, now, I sez to the feller beside me as how it don't seem right to be talkin' about the wimmen folks all together like we wuz. I'll be dummed if he didn't take me to the winder and hand me a big spy glass. "Take a look at that winder acrost there, son," he sez. By golly boys, I took a peek and I'll be a sick boy if they wuzn't a crowd of mebbe a dozen gals sittin' all together in a room acrost the way. They wuz chewin' choclits and gossipin' fit to kill. Right away I calklate I seen what the feller meant. The goldurned wimmen were talkin' about the boys!

Some of the boys 'pear to be pretty tolerably acquainted with the female sex, and some is quiet and don't say a dum thing—but they shore look a help, goldurned ef they don't.

Wal, I reckon I never was much of a hand with the wimmen folks back on the farm, but I allow I'm doing fair to middlin' down here. Bout the only gal I can remember well back hum wuz Sally Waters, her allus as used to wait fer me after prayer meetin', and we used to walk hum together. Shucks, one night she grabbed my hend and squeezed it tight. Now, I dunno, but it shore gave me the cussedest surprise. My ears burned up and I felt jest like a clumsy colt which wuz been tormented by flies. I never walked with Sally anymore after thet night. No sirree!

I got me a gal right here at collitch now. Her name is Lulu. One of the fellers sed "She is one all right," but I guess he wuz talkin' bout somethin' else, for that don't make no sense. Wal, now, this here Lulu shore is a nice gal ef you likes 'em a bit frolicksome. She sez awful funny things at times. I reckon it must be slang or some furrin' talk nearly like English. Fer instance, now t'other night we wuz walkin' hum from church, and it wuz dark as tar. The filly took holt of my arm, but shucks, I didn't care a durn. Thet was the second time, so I figger I'm used to it.

Wal, anyway, we walked on slowly arm in arm, friendly as a heifer and milk. Thar wuz no one else in sight. Wal, I'm durned if she don't say "Come on neck me, you big hick." Natcherally I knew she was trying out some slang on me so I sez "Aw, so's yer old man." Right back at her, by gosh. Wal, she looks kinder queer, and mutters something low that sounds like "dumb," but I sez nothing. When we got near the door to her build-

ing she kinda stops and gives me a fishy look, hanging onto my arm like she wuz drownding. Her eyes wuz kinda misty, and she heaves a sigh and sez "Goodnight Mister Falfaw—you big iceberg, wipe the hayseed out of your ears." "Wal, I can joke too, so I sez "Goodnight, Miss Humid—but that ain't hayseed, that's wild oats." She snickers and sez "That ain't so bad fer a feller that's walkin in his sleep. I think if you wuz awake you'd be possible." That's all, she jest turns around and walks in the door.

Wal, now, folks, the fellers all laffed at that when I told them, so I guess I'm not so foolish—hey? I swear to gosh I'm agoin' out with thet filly agin' jest so soon as Paw sends me another dollar fer spending. I wanted to go walking agin, but she sez she has to do a heap of work. Sometime I will. I seen her out with one of the other collitch fellows the other day, but I calklate he wuz helpin' her work. Lulu's a right smart gal, you kin bet!

They hev a skating rink at the collitch here. I sware I never saw the beat of it. They has boards all round it, and I'm dummed if they ain't no water at all under the ice! A hired man jest sprinkles water on the snow and that washes the ice. Wal, now, all the gals and fellers comes out to skate on that ice after supper. Fer quite a spell they wuz no lights. A feller never could find the gals he knows it was that dark. Some of the lively gals sez as how they didn't give a rip if they never got lights. Gosh all hemlock but some of them gals is queer. I seen one the other night what was a jim dandy skater, wal, when she was skatin' with one of the fellers in partickler goldurned if she warn't allus flappin' down on the ice with little squeaks like a little dawg that couldn't

find his maw nohow. Then the feller around this collitch. Doggoned if I didn't
 would hist her up and she would skate know nothin' afore Christmas. From now
 alright for a spell. on I'm agoin' to keep my eyes open you.
 Wal folks, they's a lot of queer things bet!



Morning

By S. F. Bruce

When morning from her rosy bed
 With eager feet and shining head
 Rises to blow out one by one
 Her lamps the stars, the lang'rous Sun
 To herald, wake the sleeping flowers,
 Summon the Minutes, kiss the Hours,
 Waken to song the birds, the dew
 Transmute to diamonds, breathe the hue
 Of Phoebus' blush pale petals on—
 She finds the Sun comes all too soon.

Ah! but, methinks, how she would hate
 To have to lave her neck, to brush
 Her teeth, to choose which dress to wear,
 To wait her turn in bathroom rush,
 To comb the shingles from her hair—
 Like you and me, she would be late.

S. F. Bruce.



Yankeedoodle

(Impressions)

Behind lay Windsor; before us spread Detroit the immense. The cities' industrial profile rose in skyscraper after skyscraper to the sky.

I had barely stepped from the ferry, when a fat jovial American asked to be directed uptown, shook hands, and introduced himself all in one breath.

Where was I from? Canada eh? Stranger eh?

Before I realized it I knew his history, his wife's history, where he was from, and that he was only too delighted to show me the sights.

His name was Smith.

This was all a little too sudden for my natural reserve.

As I walked helplessly by his side, wondering how to side-step the hefty gentleman, we overtook a lanky man surmounted by a broad brimmed hat, who also asked the way. The atmosphere in our immediate vicinity became tinged with moonshine.

Inside five minutes we knew his relations and all about the hordes of wealth he carried with him.

Mr. Smith's eyes brightened. His personal friendship automatically transferred itself to the stranger.

He produced two coins one of which he handed to the gentleman from the South.

"Now" says he, "I'll toss you whether we go forward or back," and then apparently as an afterthought he added that he bet \$10 we should go forward.

He won and pocketed the \$10.

The stranger enjoyed the game immensely, and stepped into a tobacconist's store to buy us all cigars.

While he was gone Mr. Smith took me into his confidence, and pointed out how we could fleece the man by betting.

A passing bus relieved the situation and stepping aboard I "faded out."

From the top of the bus I viewed with astonishment the cosmopolitan crowds. All possible racial combinations hurried along the sidewalks; automobiles crowded each other in the Broadway; and majestic buildings, towering skyward, gave an air of pomp and magnificence.

As evening spread over the city the streets grew quieter. The parks began to fill with people relaxing from the tense rush of the day time, and the vision was dazzled by the number, brilliance, and changefulness of the illuminated advertisements, that lit up the sky.

There were signs of trade, signs of theatres, and signs of religion.

They were still flickering and flashing when I left.

Detroit—Chicago—St. Louis, some time later I woke in a train going South and behold the countryside had changed. It began to take on the appearance of wishing to drop back into arid sandy desert.

The heat from the blazing sun became well nigh unbearable. Here and there a car ploughed along the red dusty roads; bales of cotton littered the depots; negroes became the rule rather than the exception.

As the train snorted through the smaller towns a glimpse up 'main' street showed few people but flocks of 'Fords.'

At 'Valley Junction' we switched on to the rattle trap 'branch' that leads to

'College Station.' The seats were wooden.

The forward half of the coach was reserved for niggers and the half further from the engine for whites—Then came college station and more niggers.

To the East of the track stretches a double boulevard of palm trees, and far off at the end, its windows and dome flashing back the late afternoon sun, lay or rather stood a palace—not exactly a palace, but an enormous building that somehow reminded me of Toronto Exhibition.

To the North and South in front of this edifice were other palatial edifices. I use the word edifice as more descriptive of my first impression.

After some hesitation I carried my humble suitcase beneath the pillars of a Y. M. C. A., the height and glory of whose architectural adornment were fairly overwhelming.

"Halloa. I'm Matthews; please to meet you sir; come right in; where are

you from? just one room left; bring you up a fan; the bathroom's on your right."

Under cover of this barrage my hand was grabbed and my grip was carried off. (Commend me to the States for efficiency).

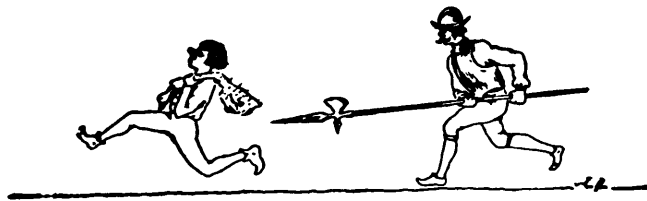
When I recovered consciousness the blare of a bugle brought back the bad old days.

By the time I reached the outer air again I could hear the tramp of troops and the bawling of orders.

Away across the campus stretched company after company of student soldiers on parade.

A ringing order, the click of heels coming to attention, a band playing the Star Spangled Banner, the creak of 'Old Glory' coming down a flag staff foot by foot, formed my first impression of national spirit in the States.

Impressions soon gave way, as time passed on, to memories of the North; a certain longing for the woods of Canada; a wish for snow and ice in Winter time.





Our Art Corner

By S. F. Bruce

We have been fortunate in securing for publication the above cut of the famous painting "The Enchanted Mere" by the British artist, Mr. St. John Fortesque, Aprilsopwith (pronounced S'gin Fizz Applesauce) recently hung in the crypts of the Royal Academy, London, (Eng).

When this cut first appeared in a London paper much facetious comment was excited by a printer's error in which the title appeared as "The Enchanted Mare." At the same time this unfortunate title was applied to a photograph of the Prince of Wales falling off his horse, the above cut being omitted altogether. We are informed that the justly incensed artist called personally at the offices of the offending newspaper, clutched the Editor by the beard, and in the full grasp of Bohemian passion, vociferated a half dozen times in the face of that astonished man of letters, "The Enchanted Mere!" emphasizing each repetition of the word "Mere" by digging the Editor in the stomach with the end of his own ebony ruler. It was unfortunate for both Artist and Editor that the former's pronunciation was at the time affected by a severe cold in the head, as, to the great delight of the reading public, the outcome of the inci-

dent was a printed apology for the error, the effect of which was marred by reiterated reference to the picture as "The Enchanted Beer."

This picture is now well known to English art lovers, and Canadians will welcome the opportunity to share their enthusiasm for this product of a finished artist. Canada is not without sons and daughters wielding a mean brush or pencil in the Temple of Art, and at first sight it would appear strange that in this country so little interest is taken in European productions of the merit of "The Enchanted Mere." Further consideration shows, however, that Canadian artists have little opportunity to study works of this class. As one said recently when this point was raised "Canada must not rely upon Europe for inspiration. Works of this standard are common in Europe, but it is doubtful if it would repay Canadian artists to make study of them."

Nevertheless, every true work of art is universal in its appeal; the fruits of genius are the inheritance of all.

Commenting on this picture the "Baic d'Urfe Bludgeon" says, "Although our art

critic is at present out of town, we feel, sublime. There is nothing like it even in
 as we believe is usual in such cases, that Nature.”
 this picture bears upon it the unmistake- Than, this, one can say no more.
 able stamp of supreme genius. It is (Enough, anyway.—Ed.)



Strive On

In front of the fire in my apartment
 Where everything's tidy and neat
 I think of the strife and the struggle
 Below me on the crowded street.

Of men and of women who strive
 A day, a month or a year
 To get from the life that they're living
 A few joys, that to them are so dear.

And if you get sad and dreary
 And things don't go just right
 Brace up! Be the man you're intended
 And fight with all your might.

For many a man has been lonely
 And many a woman "blue"
 But the great God on high has helped
 them
 And He will help you too.
 The Sentimentalist.

A Madman's Curse

By John West

"If you talk long enough with madmen, you will find that each has his own particular hallucination, some ever-present thought upon which his subconscious mind is concentrated in mortal terror." So says the doctor. I therefore, must belong to the august body of the mentally deficient, for I have a very real and persistent fear in life. No matter what I do, or say, or eat, or think, I am always in mortal terror of bells. Perhaps this sounds foolish, but then—remember what the doctors say.

From earliest infancy the word "bell" has spelt my doom. At my christening, the church bell tolled in emphasis while the parson enunciated the part that I was no longer to be called "Baby," but "Nathaniel Daniel Jeremiah." That was how the curse began. At first it was only church bells. Every Sunday, as the chimes pealed out, I was dragged to church in best bib and tucker, there to sit and watch the flies or the old gentleman asleep in his corner, while the parson droned on in weary monotonies. Later on, when I went to school, bells took up and amplified this curse. They broke in upon my morning slumbers, they dragged me out to work, and they drove me back to bed at night.

In the end I came to Canada, hoping to flee this awful fate. But what have I found here? My evil genius has multiplied his form twofold. In his first aspect he is much the same as of old. The sound of bells haunts me at every turn, some loud, some medium, and some soft

and insinuating. At all hours of the day and night the telephone bell in the residence keeps up its silvery peals of mocking laughter; while in the distance the hurrying trains peal out their discordant warnings, and the air vibrates with the jangling notes of sleigh bells. A clairon bell calls me to my daily labours, hauling me out into a world that is dark and cold. At the first note of the dinner bell I speed across the campus to partake of scientifically planned menus, whose "chef d'oeuvre" consists of calories and chlorinated water. While in the midst of these plenteous banquets, a little mocking bell announces that I must hurry if I wish to fuss my woman.

And this brings me to the second aspect of my evil genius. He still calls himself by the same name, but he spells it "Belles." The college is simply overrun with them. They cause all the mischief and get none of the blame. Their notes vary from deep and rather masculine brown to high-pitched and truly feminine squeaks. They are nasty, bad tempered and selfish, but they can twist us round their little fingers without our being able to resist them. And they know it too! My father won't believe me, when he asks me where the money goes, and I tell him that I been buying bells for belles. He says I must be mad, and he does not realize how near he is to the truth.

Not only has this evil genius followed me to Canada, but he has also gripped me more firmly than ever in his tentacles. Asleep or awake, I can find no refuge

from him. Moreover, this madman's curse cooing bell beside me and a tolling bell
will triumph finally on my wedding day, above me.
when I stand before the parson with a I think I must be mad—don't you?



Social Activities Committee

AUNT PUSSIE'S POST

M.A.

Dear Inhabitants of Mac—

Contributions are coming in thick and fast—may they continue to do so. Everyone wants to know something, or else has an opinion to state, and I guarantee the space in which to print it. So, if you want to send in anything, just send it via Aunt Pussy, and as long as the paper lasts, there will be room for it in our magazine. Support it!

—Aunt Pussy.

Dear Aunt Pussy:

I have brown eyes which are inclined to look green at times, would you tell me what colours I should wear to bring out the brown, rather than the green? Do you consider it tasteful to wear brown stockings and black shoes, or vice versa? Would you also be good enough to publish in your columns the correct weight for a girl of five feet five inches tall?

I have gained much valuable and useful advice from your columns in the past, and, thanking you for this and wishing you every success for your enterprise in the future, I remain

Your faithful reader,

S. A. P.

Ans.—Do you not realize that you are a very lucky girl? Green eyes are now so popular that some people are even dyeing their eyes that colour. Shoes and stockings are now being worn in the flesh coloured shades. Correct weight; 150 lbs. and under, preferably under.

Thank you for your kind wishes.

Dear Aunt Pussie—

I have been areading of your most interesting page for months. It is really quite wonderful the way you encourage our young people to write to you the problems that lie closest to their hearts. That they receive encouragement is quite easily seen by the way they ask for further advice.

Myself, a keen observer of the young, I have for years taken a great interest in youth and its problems. Its passions, desires and longings are all known to me, for I have felt them all, with perhaps as great an intensity as anyone. Looking back over my youth, I can remember the wild and unsatisfied longings that were mine, and looking at the youth of to-day—The Flaming Youth of 1926—I live again my own, now far distant.

I feel now, that it would be of great benefit to your young and impressionable readers (youth is ever impressionable) if they were to see before them the account of the long and unavailing struggle for recognition and love, which was mine long years ago. Reading it, they will suffer with me and mayhap benefit by my terrible mistakes. Although it tears my heart to disclose thus my sad story, I will do so willingly, if by so doing I will benefit some young and misguided soul, who is being blown hither and thither by the remorseless winds of chance on the cruel sea that is life. That is all I have to live for now. They tell me — for no one ever remembers such things for himself —

that I was born in the year of grace 1813, of poor but respectable parents, on a little by-water of civilization called Toronto. With such a handicap, what was a poor girl to do? To make matters worse, the War of American Independence was on at the time. It was one of my earliest perplexities, why they had wars at all. My father told me that war was all he had known from the time he married my mother. Whether he was referring to the War of A. I. or not, was another of my perplexities. He was always vague like that, was father. Mother had her own troubles with him too, I guess—she used to say that the only time she ever kissed him was when she wanted to catch him with the goods. I can distinctly recall that she kept two rolling pins, one for cooking and one for father. I don't know which she used most — probably Father's. He was one of those men who just won't stay put — you leave them in one place and when you come back they have "flew the coop," as it were. Another thing, he never could tell the difference between one o'clock at noon and one o'clock at night. But for all his faults, Mother loved Father dearly. In her quieter moments she would tell me that when I grew up, if only I could find a man like Father my happiness would be complete. I was not so sure of that, but wishing to appear affable, I heartily agreed, and set about looking for a man. It grew to be my one passion in life. Men by the score paid their attentions to me, but I turned them all down — none came up to my ideal. At last the man of my dreams came along — decidedly short with a beautiful shiny head that glistened in the gas light — little black eyes that stood out in the whiteness of his face like burnt holes in a blanket, and oh! what a moustache! One of those lovely silky walrus ones that drooped over his upper lip in the most becoming manner.

I was satisfied at last. I felt for him as I felt for no other. He charmed me — captivated me. But alas! Just then the cow came in for a hair cut and I saw him no more.

Moral:—A stitch in time is worth two in the bush.

Now Aunt Pussie, I give you my full permission to publish this and feel sure that your young readers will profit by a sad experience and not cry for the moon as I did, for after all I found that it was only made of green cheese.

"POOR PRINCE ALBERTUS"

(A really true fairy tale of modern times.)—Estelle D. Bell.

Prince Albertus was sad. He lived in a beautiful palace in a beautiful country and he had many people near him, but still he was unhappy. His gorgeous palace "Mensresidence" no longer seemed to satisfy him. The green lawns and gardens did not please him, for wherever he looked across them he always saw the stately castle, "Girlsresidence" where dwelt his lady-love, Princess Marguerita. It is a sad thing to be in love, but a sadder thing to love in vain. Prince Albertus adored the beautiful Princess Marguerita but she paid no attention to his pleading letters or his numerous proposals. She laughed disdainfully as she read of his loss of appetite and his growing disinterest in everything but herself. "Let him gaze foolishly at me from across the long tables in the banquet-hall," she said, "I cannot help him. Time will surely work a cure!"

But Time only saddened poor Prince Albertus' heart until he was almost in the depths of despair. He had written her all his thoughts and told her again and again of his love and still she was unmoved.

Finally he decided that he would buy her a present of such beauty that even

her royal heart would be softened. And so it happened that the Princess Marguerita received a gorgeous box. It was painted in all colors representing a wonderful picture and was tied with satin ribbon. At first the Princess was very angry but when she looked at the lovely gift she wondered what it contained so she carefully lifted the lid and peeped inside. What a delicious sight her eyes beheld! Row upon row of soft creamy chocolates! Her Macmaidens cried with delight when she showed them the gift but how disappointed they were to see the Princess' face take on an expression of anger as she tied up the box again saying "Return this to Prince Albertus at once! I shall not touch it. Perhaps he will understand now that if I cannot be won with fine words neither can I be won by fine gifts."

Now these Macmaidens took the box from the Princess but they did not return it to the Prince as they had received it. "What a pity," they said, "to waste such inviting tit-bits!"

Thus it happened that poor Prince Albertus received an empty box with a letter of confession from the terrible Macmaidens. His last hope was shattered and his chocolates were eaten!

Poor Prince Albertus is a very sad man indeed.

Moral:—Fine gifts won't soften royal hearts but chocolates satisfy Macmaidens.

The Editor:—A typical example of the average Macdonald love affair.

THAT WHICH IS OFTEN HEARD

Clearly therefore

Well Sister—let us hear your's.

N-o-r-m-a.

Girls —— listen!

—delightfully vague.

Stop figgiting!

Those who are sometimes with us.

It *wun't* work unless—

The bulb sittin' in water in the sittin' room—

I can't just say offhand.

—unclaimed laundry.

Oh! I'm so excited!

Beef — for a change.

r-r-r-r-r-r.

No mail!

Gosh! I'm hungry.

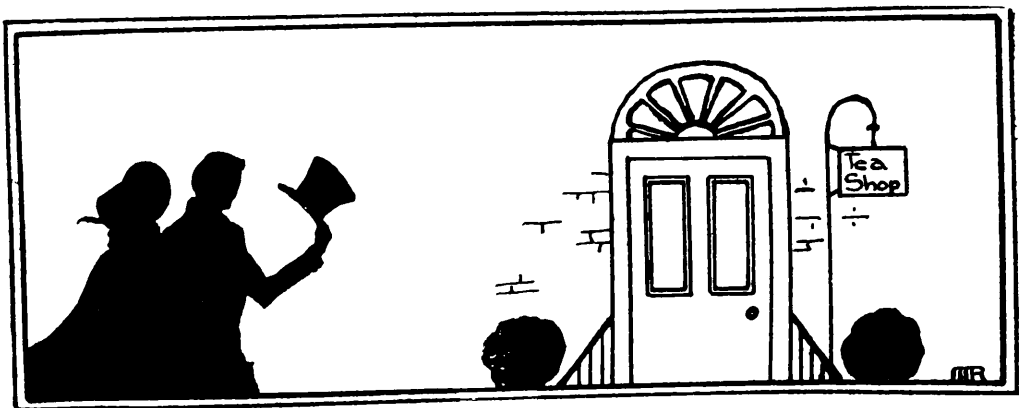
Tummies in!

Y-e-s Sir.

P-r-u-n-e-s!

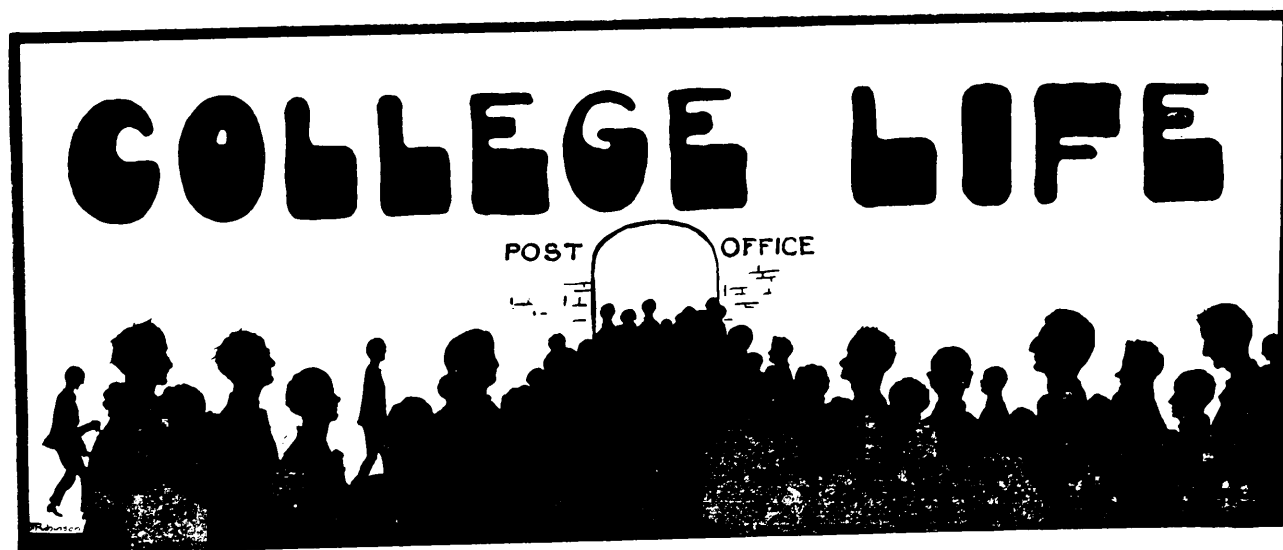
Run girls — the last bell.

Hurry over now!





Women's Athletic Executive



AGGIES DECIDE INSIGNIA TO BE BRONZE PLAQUE

The officers of the class were in session, the whole seventeen of them, the only other member of the class was also present.

A severe vote of censure was first passed on the Treasurer for a serious defalcation in the accounts. His explanation that the missing 10 cents must have slipped into the lining of his trouser pocket was not accepted. The Assistant Vice-President proposed, and the Christian Science Representative seconded a motion that the offender should be tanked and the garment in question burnt. The motion was put to the vote and carried unanimously. The meeting was thereupon adjourned to allow the sentence to be put into effect.

On a resumption of business the Representative for the Suppression of Public Nuisances, (hereinafter called the R. F. T. S. O. P. N.), rose on a point of order to request that the proceedings of the last meeting, but three be considered null and void, as no official notice had been given, and he had been unable to attend. When a public apology from all concerned had been tendered he was prevailed upon to withdraw the motion.

The President then called upon the select committee of five, appointed to consider and report on the menu for next monthly dinner, to promulgate their findings. The Dietetic Expert declared that in his opinion a diet of nuts and olive oil, containing as it did all the essential vitamins, would prolong life up to the age of two hundred years; he regretted however that the other members of the committee had not been of the same opinion, and the menu finally agreed upon was as follows:—pork and beans, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, cigars and nuts. The Printing Expert was asked to submit estimates for the printing of this menu in gold, silver and other precious metals.

The question was debated as to whether the Class adornment should consist of a bronze plaque six inches in diameter to be worn round the neck in a conspicuous position, or a nose ring to be attached to the right nostril. The Anatomical Representative declared that in the latter case the strain on the proboscis might have a serious effect of this olfactory organ, and might even end in a softening of the right side of the brain. After a somewhat lengthy discussion it was decided that the Plaque would be more suitable and that a leading artist be asked to design one, this design to be submitted at the next meeting.

THE ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST

This year there were nine entrants — four girls and five boys — in the Elocutionary Contest, more taking part than in the last few years. Mr. Walford, President of the Literary and Debating Society, was chairman.

"A Friendly Game of Checkers," a humorous dialogue, was given by Miss McNally. The piece was within her capabilities and had no prompting been required she probably would have given the best recitation of the evening.

Miss McMurray selected two short poems: "Nod," by Walter de la Marr, and "Laugh and Be Merry," by Wm. Masfield. Both were suited to her voice, and delivered with the required slowness and emphasis.

Miss Lohead chose "Lasca" as her medium. Though well memorized, it was too brief to show her histrionic ability. The same would apply to an even greater degree to the choice of Miss Newman—"The Veteran's Song."

"The Cremation of Sam McGee," by Robert Service, was recited by Mr. Perks. Though he knew the piece well and had grasped its humour, a little more variety in tone of voice would have greatly improved it.

"Lepanto," by G. K. Chesterton, is rather a difficult poem to declaim. Mr. Cooper chose it, but did not "put it over;" this is due in part to the fact that he spoke too rapidly and sometimes slurred his words, so that the audience could not follow the thought of the poem.

Mr. Bell chose the famous "Speech of Sir Patrick Henry," given in 1775. His voluminous voice filled the hall and the hearers were gripped by the intense feeling of the speech. It was a surprise to many that he was not awarded a place among the first three.

"The Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes, was the poem declaimed by Mr. McMas-

ter. Though yet a Freshman, he was able to impress the judges and audience as meriting first prize.

After these recitations there were some songs by Miss Kyle, accompanied on the piano by Miss McLean. Then Mr. Hetherington, on behalf of the students in general, and the ladies in particular, welcomed the Winter Course to Macdonald.

The decision of the judges, as announced by their chairman, Mr. Thompson, was in the following order in the girls' section: Misses McMurray, McNally, Lohead; in the boys' section: Messrs. McMaster, Ste. Marie, Cooper.

PLAY READING AT MAC A SUCCESS

On Friday November 13th the Play Reading Society of Macdonald College produced, before a very appreciative audience, "St. Patrick's Day or The Scheming Lieutenant" by Sheridan. It was originally intended to stage the play in one of the reception rooms of the Women's Residence, but such a large number turned up that it was transferred, at the last moment to the Foyer outside the dining room.

The piece lasted almost an hour, and a short resumé was given at the beginning of each scene by Miss Parker, the president of the Play Reading Club, who was responsible for the general stage management.

The plot deals with the artifices enjoyed by a scheming Lieutenant to win the consent of a peppery Justice of the Peace to his betrothal to his fascinating daughter. The Justice does not see eye to eye with him, but is finally persuaded to agree due to the machinations of the Lieutenant aided by a rather wordy Doctor who spends his time moralizing and taking snuff.

The majority of the male characters

with the exception of Justice Credulous, were played by members of the 1925 Winter Course in Agriculture, most of whom were making their initial appearance on the stage.

Under these circumstances the performance was a very creditable one to all concerned and was well received by the large and appreciative student body who collected in the Foyer. Special mention is due to Mr. McMaster for the vigour of his interpretation of the character of Justice Credulous.

NEW COLLEGE ORGANIZATION

New recruits wanted—roll call limited! A new organization known as the Charleston Cadet Corps has been formed under the direction of a general, major, captain, etc.—in fact all the officers under Roman Law. The army consists of one private, soon to be raised to the position of orderly.

Practices are held nightly at 10 o'clock down Charleston Alley way. Last night a large meeting was held in the barracks. Every member turned out. The Standard-Bearer-Knight-of-the-Garter was there in full regalia, large with Big Ben, the Standard, marking our motto, "10.00—10.30 p.m." The Band Master grandly led the way with two ukeleles (being exceptionally proficient). The Ally was crowded and more are expected to turn out to-night. Still there is room! Learn the Charleston! Join the Cadet Corps! Prepare for the Formal!—C. M. M.

ADDRESS BY BLISS CARMAN

At the ungodly hour of 8.30 a. m. Monday, November 23rd, Macdonald College had the privilege of hearing a spirited address and reading by Bliss Carman, Canada's poet laureate.

As simple and unassuming as one of his poems, the "Singer of Canada" ap-

peared in the Assembly Hall of the College which was filled with a capacity audience of students of the Schools of Agriculture Household Science and Teachers. Members of the staff and pupils from the day school were there also all eager to get a glimpse of the distinguished speaker.

Dr. Carman was introduced in a few well chosen words by Dean Laird who emphasized the earliness of the hour for a poet. He also expressed his regret that sufficient notice had not been given to all those connected with the College to enable them to avail themselves of the privilege of hearing Bliss Carman's address.

In opening Bliss Carman said a few words relative to the series of lectures that he was delivering at McGill and other universities on "poetry and its relation to life," a series that has as its objective the better appreciation of good poetry by the youth of Canada. "Poetry" he said, "broadens our outlook on life, quickens the imagination and strengthens our personality. It is great in that its appeal is a universal one. Some poetry embodies a philosophical grasp of life; is in fact an interpretation of life. As such it thrills us and increases our powers of living, if only for the time being.

"The aim of poetry is to add to the knowledge of mankind, in a philosophical sense. Wordsworth's 'Daffodils', for instance, does not increase our botanical knowledge of daffodils, but aids the growth of our imaginative faculties."

The speaker then urged his hearers to select the poet whose writings they appreciated and understood best and to study him in preference to feigning a fashionable admiration. In literature, as in life, we should always prefer the position where we can be happiest; "because happiness is a legitimate test of successful endeavour."

"Mankind," claims Bliss Cameron, "is happiest in achievement. We seek until we find ourselves, our niche in life, so to speak,—the niche where we are happiest. Literature and poetry are indispensable in this respect, because they portray portions of the happiest moments of mankind."

According to Dr. Carman a poet or writer is a sort of vicarious translator, who conveys no facts or statistics. He gives his readers something of what he himself felt and saw—the sumtotal of his experiences. Something in nature thrills him intensely; plain ordinary prose will not convey this impression adequately so he makes use of rhythm and metaphor to "get it across." In his work the true artist makes use, not only of his imagination and intellect but of the wider community spirit that moves the race; and is the soul of inspiration.

Before giving his reading Bliss Carman prefaced it by a few remarks on the reading of poetry. "Poetry" he said, "is a spoken art. To properly appreciate it, like music we need to hear it orally. For verse to appeal to children we must teach them to read it correctly. People are just beginning to understand this and are paying more and more attention to spoken English. Speech really supplies us with some vent for ourselves. We feel better when we feel that we can make ourselves understood. Coming in contact with other people is one of the great things of life, and self-expression one of the greatest aids in this.

Smooth floor, smooth music and smooth partners make for a pleasant evening. All three were present to a noticeable degree at the first formal at Mac this year, held in the Girls' Gym. on Friday evening, October thirtieth.

We passed through dimly lit halls and

were welcomed by a reception committee consisting of Miss Russell, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Laird, Miss Foley, Miss Philp, Dr. Harrison, Mr. Hetherington. The gymnasium, unrecognizable as such, was one riot of rich orange and mysterious black—cats, pumpkins, witches, owls, bats, balloons and streamers. Shaded lights shed a



The Formal Dance

goldish glimmer across the reflectant floor and the final romantic touch was added by the glittering rays of the full moon. Fred Gross and his boys tuned up—a haunting melody floated across the air and three hundred couples entered into a whirl of gaiety. Eight dances passed all too quickly and we joined the enthusiastic parade to the brilliantly decorated banquet hall to partake of an appetizing and welcome supper. The bugle called us back to the gym where the

dancing was resumed. Exhausted couples found rest and solitude in charmingly arranged cosy corners. The dancing continued until one o'clock, when tired but happy couples parted. The students were gratified at the large attendance of the different members of the staff and their presence did much in furthering the success of the evening.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY CONCERT

On Saturday evening, November 21st, the Philharmonic Society of Macdonald College rendered a most delightful entertainment in the Assembly Hall of the College. This was the first of the Society's three concerts for the Season 1925-1926. The Hall was thrown open at 7.15 p. m. and was filled up long before the appointed hour. Approximately 600 persons—students and residents of Ste. Annes—enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Those who arrived early sat patiently until 7.45 p.m. when the large Chorus, in which both students and staff took part, followed by the orchestra filed in. The Philharmonic Society, which numbers approximately 75 members, threatened to overflow the platform.

As an opening Mr. Birkett Musgrove, F. R. C. O., the conductor of the Society addressed the audience explaining that one number had not been included in the programme. This number was Chopin's Funeral March, played as a tribute of respect to the late Queen Alexandra. The audience stood to attention while the solemn strains of this composition echoed through the hall. At its conclusion the "Last Post" was sounded on the trumpet. The whole of this recital was an impromptu arrangement.

The programme now opened in earnest

The first selection was entitled "Martial Moments." The composer has here brought together short portions of many well-known marches, making a march medley.

A chorus of fifty voices then rendered "Hail Golden Morn." In the singing of this, each part is to be highly commended. The piece was executed in a clear, distinct, and strongly accented manner.

The outstanding achievement of the evening was "The Clock" Symphony No. 4 in D. by Haydn. Although this composition of the clock is undoubtedly a beautiful one, it has for some reason or other fallen rather into neglect, but after hearing it so ably interpreted by Mr. Musgrove, one can only hope that it will come into greater prominence at other musical recitals.

One of the most appreciated selections of the evening was The Friar's Song, "Ho Jolly Jenkin," from the opera Ivanhoe by Sullivan—a song which symbolizes mirth and happiness—ably rendered by Dr. Angrove, and by the chorus which took part in the refrain.

M. E. Chartier's selection, a violin solo "Hungarian Rhapsody" by Hauffer, received storms of applause. The appreciation of the audience was not at all satisfied until it had received two encores. The final selection played by M. Chartier was the old favourite Souvenir as an entirely impromptu rendering, it was in the opinion of many of those present one of the finest interpretations of that composition they had ever had the pleasure of listening to.

After the intermission, two suites and entr'acte were played by the orchestra, followed by a violin solo and a part song.

The first movement—"Lady Radnor's Suite"—Sir Hubert Parry, contains six parts which insures variety in its presentation.

In "Lady Radnor's Suite," Parry had modelled his tune on the older dance forms used by the great composers. The titles are:—

(a) Prelude

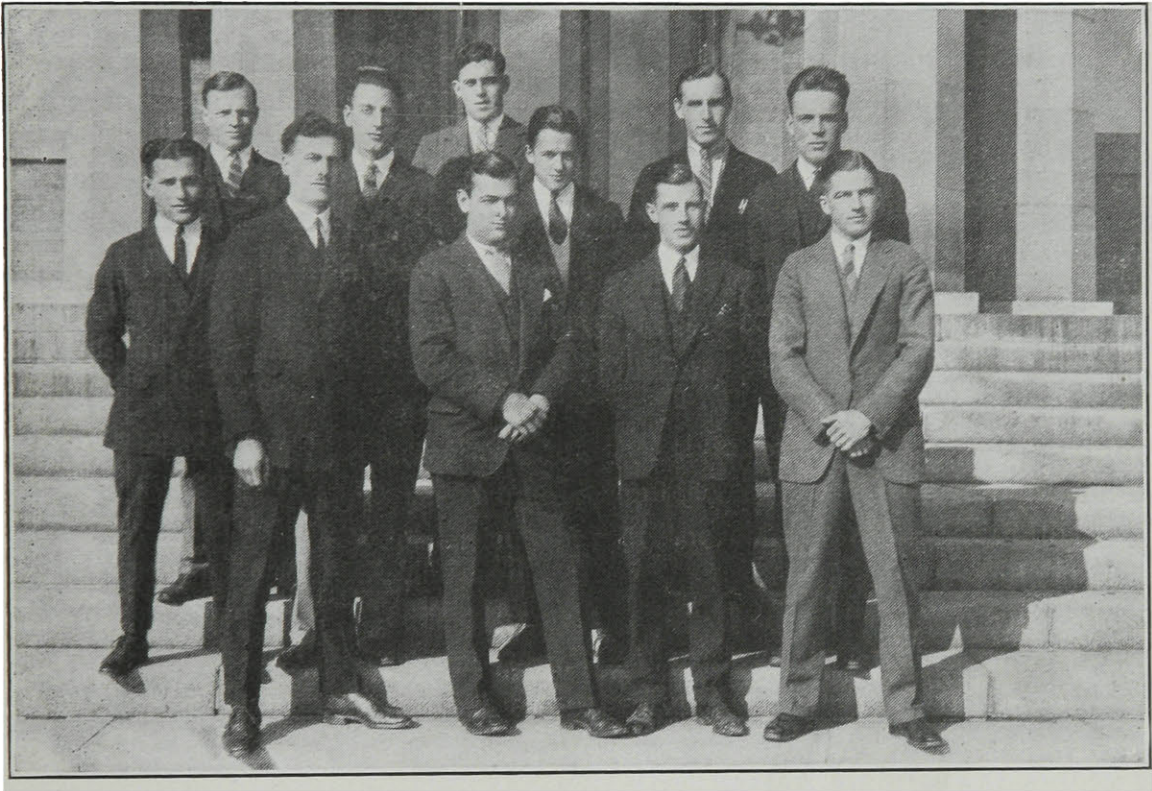
(b) Allemande

(c) Sarabande

(d) Bourree

(e) Slow Minuet

(f) Gigue



Men's Athletic Executive

MACDONALDERS BEAT TRAFALGAR AT BASKETBALL

Basketball again! The first game of the season was played last Saturday, November 19, between the girls of Trafalgar Institute and Macdonald College.

The game was staged in three ten minutes periods (with oranges in between). In the first period the Trafalgar girls played good combination and the battle ended with a tally of 6-4 in their favour. In the next two periods however Mac downed her opponents outclassing them in every respect. The final tally was 32-14 in favour of Mac.

The work of Melba Dey, Margaret Bourne as centres, and Marion Taylor as forward was particularly worthy of

praise. Mac evidently has the "cream of the dish" in basketball this year, if one may judge from their first game.

The teams were as follows:—

TRAFALGAR

MACDONALD

Forwards

C. Smith	M. Taylor
E. Stanway	G. Robinson

Centres

J. Lamb	M. Dey
D. Johnson	M. Bourne

Guards

D. Summer	G. Surgeon
J. McAllister	E. Urquhart

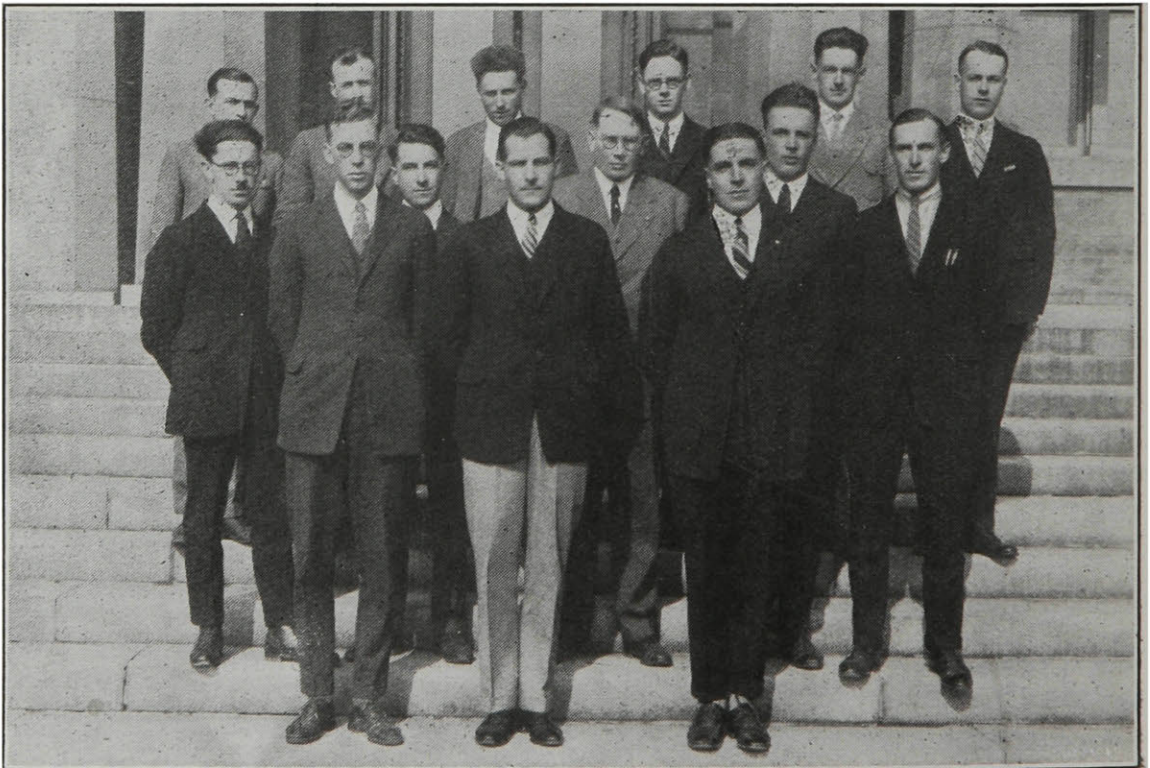
The death of Miss Mabel Dow (Teachers '24) occurred at the Montreal General Hospital on October 14, 1925. Funeral service and interment at her home, Port Daniel Centre, P. Q.

After graduation, Miss Dow taught for several years in her native province. She then went to Montpelier, Vermont, where she became teacher of English in

grades VII and VIII, which position she held at the time of her death.

She was a teacher of rare ability, excellent in discipline, thorough and painstaking in her work, ever stressing those things which tend to character building.

Her sudden passing was a distinct loss to the teaching profession.



Postgraduate Students.

Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

This is the "Reunion Year!" Arrangements are being made to hold this event in the last week in June following the C. S. T. A. Convention. The committee is at work and is coming out in print as to the plans in the next issue of the Magazine.

T. C. Vanterpool, '23, our General-Secretary, was given leave of absence from Macdonald College to permit him to take advantage of the Hudson's Bay Scholarship, tenable at Manitoba. During his absence the duties of the general-secretary are being attended to by E. A. Lods, '12.

* * *

Official welcome is hereby given to three young members of the Alumni Association.

For Class '11 there is a daughter who was born at Coldbrooke, N. S., on October 29th. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dash joined Class '13 on September 24th. At present he resides with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dash at St. Augustine, Trinidad, B. W. I.

The introduction of Elizabeth Jean to Class '20 is sponsored by Mr and Mrs. W. A. Maw. That Betty is an active member of the class was demonstrated us the evening we assisted her father in looking after her.

* * *

We have news of three more members who have entered the state of matrimony.

On June 25th last, Helen Trew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith of Charlottetown, P. E. I., was married to A. W. Peterson, '21. The happy couple

visited the College while on their wedding trip.

Ruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hutton of Edinburgh, Scotland, was married to J. A. McGarigle, '24, on Sept. 1st.

Dorothy Sangster, B. H. S., '24. (Macdonald College) was married to G. S. Walsh, '24, on Sept. 23rd. They are living at Hemmingford, where "Stan" is developing a fruit farm.

* * *

Wm. Brittain, '11, has been granted leave of absence from the N. S. A. C. to permit him to take up some special work with the American Cyanamide Co. This work involves a world tour. Where he is at present we cannot say. However, the first part of his trip was to include travel in Spain, Egypt and Palestine. Christmas was to have been spent in Jerusalem. When Bill visited the College he still had his famous smile and a good collection of stories.

E. Rhoades, '12, has been granted leave from the Live Stock Branch to take up the duties of Secretary for the World's Poultry Congress, which is to be held in Canada in 1927.

J. E. MacOuat, '15, has left the north-land. He is now principal of the Pointe Claire School.

J. H. MacOuat, '15, is now teaching in the Montreal West High School.

Margaret Newton, '18, is with the Rust Research Laboratory situated at the Manitoba Agricultural College.

J. G. Saunders, '20, is now with the Zoology Dept. of the University of Saskatchewan.

"Jack" Walsh, '22, is with the Cereal Division of the Experimental Farms Branch. At present he is attached to the Rust Research Laboratory in Winnipeg.

A. T. Maw, '23, was East from Saskatoon for his holidays last summer. During the few days spent at the College he suffered from a very virulent attack of golf.

R. R. McKibbin, '23, is taking his third year of graduate work for the degree of Ph. D. in the University of Maryland, College Park, Md.

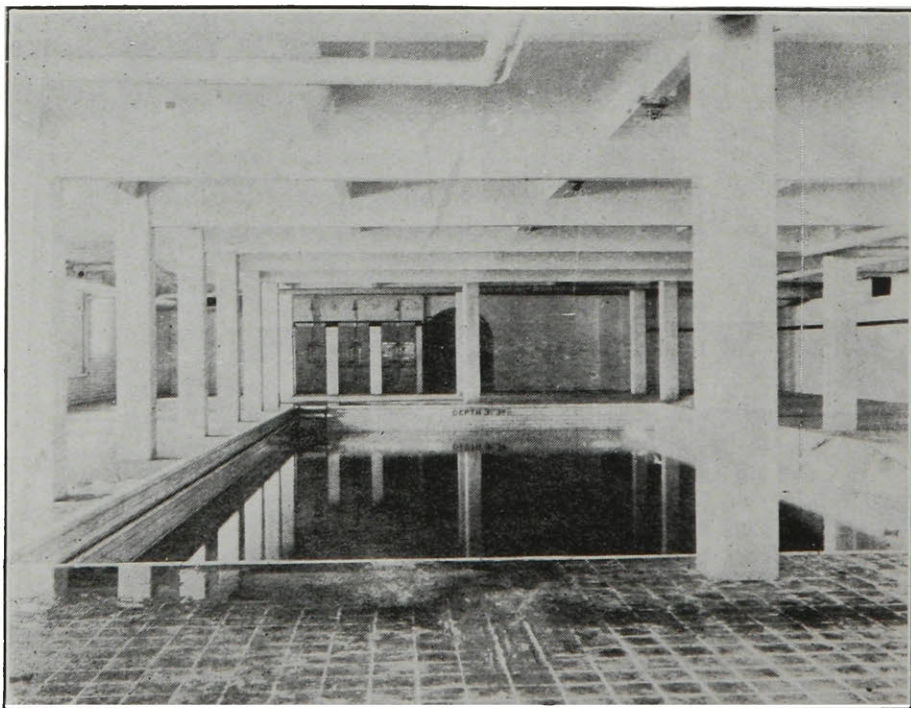
L. O. Rolleston, '23, is Chief Analyst of the Abitibi Power and Paper Company, Iroquois Falls, Ont. Rolleston was at the College in the summer having come

down to meet his parents. Mr. Rolleston Sr. has retired from the Government Service in British Guiana, he and Mrs. Rolleston have gone to reside with their two sons in Iroquois Falls.

John Stevens, '23, is with the Abitibi Power and Paper Company at Iroquois Falls, Ont.

C. R. Mitchell, '24, who is Assistant Chemist of the Canada Starch Company at Cardinal, Ont., spent his vacation at Ste. Annes this summer.

Last year, McGill University granted the degree of M. Sc. to T. Armstrong, A. D. Baker, and T. C. Vanterpool, all of class '23, and the M. S. A. degree to E. A. Lods, '12, and W. A. Maw, '20.



One Summer Day

During the summer of 1924, I was staying at St. Jean-Pied-de-Port—a long name for a small town—in the Basses Pyrenees in France. I had already been there a week, and was beginning to get bored with the place when, at the annual fete, I was fortunate enough to meet quite a number of the inhabitants and visitors of that town—English, French, Basques, Spanish and Mexicans. Within a few days I found myself quite in the local society, and we took it into our heads to go for an all-day excursion.

It was all arranged. We were to leave the next day by the 7.00 a. m. train for St. Etienne de Baigorri, from which village we would all walk to the Col d'Ispeygn, a frontier pass in the Pyrenees—and of course I was very pleased.

Now, to catch a train at 7 o'clock was very well for me, as it had been my custom there to have my "petit déjeuner" in bed at nine. So, in case I might oversleep, I asked the hotel proprietor to wake me at 6 o'clock. But, as luck would have it, I did not wake up till a quarter to seven! I did not know the time, but anyway, I threw on my clothes, and rushing downstairs I fell into the arms of the proprietor who uttered some expression of surprise in Basque and then added in French that he had got my breakfast ready. I asked the time—it was five to seven!

The station was ten minutes walk, I *could* run there and catch the train—but was it worth while going by train? Baigorri was sixteen miles by the railway, and it was necessary to change and have a hour's wait at a pokey little sta-

tion on the way there—but, by road, direct, it was barely 8 miles! as everyone seemed to own a bicycle in the town, I thought it would be easy for me to be able to beg, borrow or steal one from someone. So I sat down and calmly consumed the coffee and "petit pain." After about a quarter of an hour I went to the nearest house where I thought I could hire a bicycle, but I was unsuccessful; I tried everywhere in the town—in vain.

The train had gone half an hour ago—the only thing was to walk—if I wanted to get there. So I started out with my haversack and camera slung over my back. The road was a winding one and I thought I would never reach my destination. As I had no watch, I kept on asking the time and the distance to go from the farmers going to work with their oxen

The weather was cloudy; after half an hour it started raining. Having nothing with which to protect myself, I took shelter under a wayside tree.

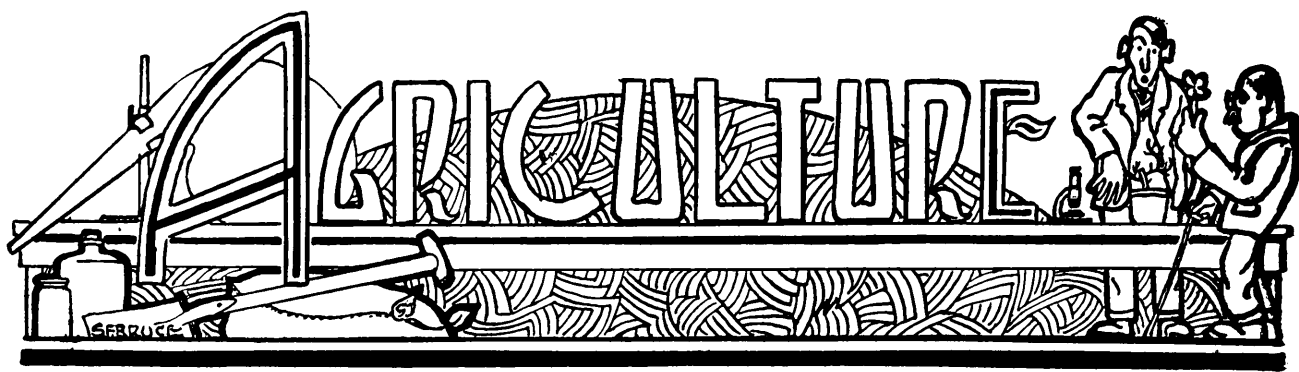
"Euria ari da!" — "the rain falls!" shouted a passing peasant, with a large umbrella.

"Ba!" I replied, in my best Basque, and the rain continued.

But I had to go on—as it was my ambition to meet those going by train before they left for the mountain pass. It was 9.15 when I arrived at Baigorri station and was surprised to hear that the train had not yet arrived! In fact it was not due until 9.30!.....

Within half an hour fifteen of us were trudging up the mountain side in brilliant sunshine at the back of the village.





The Quebec Pomological Show

By R. S. Bell

The Pomological and Fruit Growing Society of the Province of Quebec held their first big Annual Exhibition and annual meeting in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on November 4th, 5th, 6th.

For a number of years the society has held a show at Macdonald College. These shows have been fairly well attended but the exhibits were small. At the meeting held in December last, it was decided to hold a larger exhibition of apples at a more central point, both from the standpoint of the fruit growers and the general public.

The objects of the exhibition were as follows: (1) to show the people the quality and quantity of the fruit produced in the province of Quebec: (2) to encourage the fruit growers to market their fruit in a better manner, by using the box as a package. Also to take more care in the harvesting and handling of their crop: (3) to interest fruit growers and others in commercial apple growing and to point out the possibilities of this industry in the province of Quebec.

There were seventy-six exhibitors, and competition was very keen, especially in the McIntosh and Fameuse sections. The apples were exhibited in boxes, barrels, hampers, also pyramids and plates.

The box exhibits were in fifty, ten and

single box lots. The barrel exhibits were in ten and single barrel lots.

The public took a very keen interest in the show and it is estimated that five to six thousand people visited the exhibition during the three days.

The exhibits were very well arranged and placed in such a manner so as to show the fruit to the best advantage. Long tables ran down the centre of the room, upon these were placed the pyramids and plate lots. The main side of the room and one end were occupied by the box, barrel and hamper lots. The box lots were arranged in tiers, the barrels and hampers were placed along the front of each exhibit.

The largest exhibits consisted of McIntosh, Fameuse, Golden Russet, Wealthy, Alexander, Wolf River, Dudley and St. Lawrence. Other varieties were exhibited including Duchess, Baxter, Blue Pearmain, Spy, Baldwin, Ben Davis and Stone.

In addition to the general exhibits, there were several special exhibits of apples, nursery stock, fungicides, etc.

Macdonald College had a very attractive and well arranged exhibit, consisting not only of apples, but had specimen jars of preserved apples prepared by the students in the School of Household Science.

There was also an exhibit of the various fungus diseases of the tree and fruit.

The Oka Agricultural Institute had a fine display of half box lots of the more important apples.

The Dominion Experimental Farm had a **very good exhibit** of dehydrated fruit and vegetables, and of new varieties of apples which have been produced on the farm at Ottawa. Some seventy varieties were shown, several of which have proven to be of distinct value.

The Dominion Fruit Branch had a display of the different commercial packages.

The following had exhibits of nursery stock etc., Messrs. Luke Bros., Montreal, E. D. Smith & Sons, Winona, Ont., Brown Bros., Welland, Ont., and the McIntosh Nursery Co., Dundela, Ont.

The Canada Paint Co., and the John Cowan Chemical Company had a display of insecticides and fungicides. Both the raw and finished products were shown.

The Hemmingford Pressed Fruit Ltd., occupied a small booth where apple cider was sold to the thirsty.

The Koppo-Krisp Ltd., of Nova Scotia had on display a new breakfast food made from apples.

Dupuy & Ferguson had a very full display of small garden implements, insecticides, fungicides and fertilizers.

Tree protectors were displayed by the Pedlar People, Ltd., and wire tying machines by the Gerrard Wire Tying Machine Company.

The Quebec Minister of Agriculture had a very well arranged exhibit of fruit and show cards.

The Entomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture had an excellent exhibit showing the various insects which attack the apple and had a number of apples showing insect injury.

The Hardie Mfg. Co., and the Niagara

Brand Spray Co., displayed the various types of sprayers.

Books, bulletins and pamphlets were distributed to all interested parties.

The judging of the exhibits commenced at 3 p. m. Wednesday, November 4th. The judges were as follows: Boxes, Prof. F. C. Sears, Massachusetts Agricultural College, and A. G. Turney, Provincial Horticulturist, Fredericton, N. B.; Barrels, pyramids, hampers, M. B. Davis, Experimental Farm; Plates, Mr. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist.

On November 5th and 6th meetings were held, addresses were given by many of the leading members of the society as well as other speakers. All meetings were fairly well attended.

The programme for Thursday, November 5th consisted of the following addresses. The President's Address, Prof. G. Maheux, Quebec, Orchard Care and Pruning, by R. P. Honoré, Oka, Experimental Work with Apples at Lennoxville Experimental Farm by F. S. Browne, Lennoxville, Organizing an Orchard Business by Prof. F. C. Sears, Amherst, Mass., Fruit Growing in Eastern Quebec by J. A. Ste. Marie, Ste-Anne de la Pocatière.

At 8:30 p. m. a business meeting was held, the secretary-treasurer and the Board of Directors gave their reports. General business followed and the new committees elected.

Friday, November 6th addresses were given by the following. A. Dumais, Lennoxville, The Orchards of the Eastern Townships, Prof. T. G. Bunting, Macdonald College, Growing the Long-Lived Apple Tree, R. P. Leopold, Oka, Orchard Planting and Choice of Varieties, J. H. Lavoie, Quebec, the Present and the Future of the Fruit Industry in Quebec, J. A. McBride, Montreal, and the Services Rendered to the Fruit Growers by the

Produce Dealers, and The Transportation of Quebec Fruits, Mayor Wheeler, Ottawa

The fourth and last meeting was held on Friday afternoon. The report of the nomination committee was given and the installation of the new executive took place. Also the following gave addresses. C. E. Petch, Hemmingford, Results of some Experiments with Dusting and Spraying, W. J. Tawse, Macdonald College, Selection of Sprayers, Dr. A. T. Charron, Ottawa, The Apple: Its Composition and Nutritive Value, Prof. Macoun, Ottawa, The Recent New England Apple Exhibition and G. E. McIntosh, The Fruit Trade. Following these addresses, the Report of the Resolution Committee was given.

On Thursday at 7:30 p. m. a Fruit Growers' Banquet was held in the Oak Room. This was well attended over 150 guests were present. The President occupied the chair and was supported by the Hon. J. E. Caron, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, Dr. J. D. Grisdale, Deputy Minister of the Department of Agriculture, Professor W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, Rev. Fr. Leopold, Oka Agricultural College, Professor T. G. Bunting, Professor of Horticulture, Macdonald College and Chairman of Exhibition Committee, and Dean Barton, Macdonald College, J. H. Lavoie Chief of the Horticultural Service, Quebec, J. F. Desmarais, representing the Producers, J. A. McBride, representing the Distributors. Rev. Fr. Leopold was toastmaster.

Having proposed the toast "The King," Rev. Fr. Leopold, Mr. J. F. Desmarais, J. A. McBride, Mr. Lavoie, Mr. Leo McKenna, the Hon. J. E. Caron, Mr. Grisdale, Dean Barton and Professor T. G. Bunting spoke a few words. Following the various speeches, musical items were rendered by a number of Montreal artists.

The final list of prize winners was given. Mr. A. C. Chaplin, Rougemont carried off the Sweepstakes Cup and ribbon for the best box on exhibit. Mr. C. P. Byers won the Cup and ribbon for the best barrel on exhibit. The full prize list amounted to \$1260.50. The Sweepstakes Cup was generously donated by Messrs. Henry Birks & Sons, Montreal.

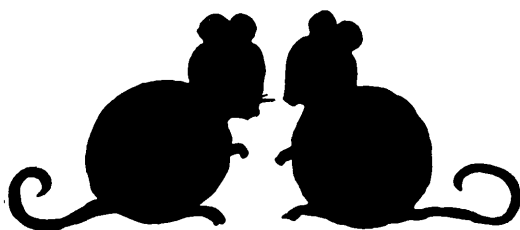
The exhibition was supported financially by the fruit growers, the provincial government and friends interested in horticulture and the trade.

The Exhibition Committee was as follows:—

Prof. T. G. Bunting, Chairman, J. F. Desmarais, R. F. Leopold, E. B. Luke, J. M. Talbot. Chairmen of Special Committees were as follows:—

Finance: Prof. T. G. Bunting; Publicity: E. B. Luke; Programme: Prof. G. Maheux; Banquet: R. F. Leopold; Reception: R. Brodie; Exhibits: W. J. Tawse; Staging: J. M. Talbot.

Messrs. T. Eaton & Co., Montreal purchased the entire exhibit of apples and had them on view in their store on Saturday morning.



Christmas at Mac

By Mac the P. G.

"Yes sir, that's my baby," quoted one spectator, as he saw the many thousands of teachers who departed from Macdonald on that memorable afternoon of December 18, 1925. Indeed the same observer should have remained a while to see the multitudes of "homebreakers," and other super-scientists leave the station for their annual revels. We have beaucoup d'evidence that the trainmen and the conductors of the respective trains rolled their eyes heavenward and then silently cursed the fates that caused them to get married before that day. Hence the term "homebreakers." Not only did the conductors lose their mental balance, but also one of the engineers forgot to start the train going again and as a result one conductor broke a signal cord through desperate tugging, and the whole lot of merry makers nearly had to get off and hunt for a cord. A wise co-ed saved the situation by offering to sacrifice a yard of her Spearmint, then and there, so that the train finally managed to struggle as far as Westmount where general repairs had to be made.

Mac seemed a desert for the next few days. One by one the sheiks departed to look for dates at home. Each of them was fully escorted by a bodyguard of his remaining classmates, prepared for all emergencies, etc. Finally only about twenty fellows and some four girls were left. We can vouch for the male population, but not for the other because the latter never came down to breakfast while the writer seldom came to any other meal. It's funny, but Christmas time seems to deprive all of any appetite for the eats provided, and in that case let's have Christmas all

the time and send the food (?) to the starving Bolsheviki.

For the first few days nothing much was done, except visiting the city, and wishing it was all over. We just about wore out our three gramophone needles trying to drive away the Christmas Blues, but what a life! It was announced that the Christmas dinner was to be served early, the Wednesday before Christmas. Revels ceased and the spare time was spent in playing Bridge and contemplation as to how and why and when, shall we commence to feast. The day came, beef and apples for dinner, and a good appetite for supper. It was a whale of a thing. Every body that was at all important or hungry was there. The feast was great, the turkey being all breast, and the rest of the meal—wonderful. Stan felt very generous at the pudding stage, and dished out second helpings left and right, big plum puddings, round, brown, and covered with a fluid which burned with a blue flame and was exceedingly pleasant to taste. After coffee all adjourned to the reception room and discussed everything under and around the sun. Oh boy, that pudding!

That was not all, by any means. Invitations began to pour in on the students to attend a dinner, or if possible, three or four dinners, on the same day. The writer was very unfortunate, as there came four invitations, and he had time for only one. What terrible luck! Anyway, the turkey that we had at the one attended exceeded twenty-four pounds, and we did it justice to such an extent that children's sizes would have fitted the turkey like a tent instead of the extra

large sizes which were form-fitting previous to our crusade. At midnight we all came home, rather uncomfortable but very full of virtue and turkey.

The Christmas dinner last spoken of came on Friday, but by Monday we were all able to move. Stuckey, being more unlucky than the rest became ill before Christmas and had to stay in bed during the revels.

All the rest of Saturday and Sunday were occupied in getting back to normal and trying out the ice and snow of the district. Great fun.

Miss Burroughs took matters in her own hands on Monday and Tuesday. She had the boys and girls at her suite in the girls' residence and did her best to ruin their digestions with huge quantities of sandwiches, cake and cream puffs. We did tricks then. Some of the fellows began to ask riddles, Miss Scott had us all wondering how old Anne really was, because the boys, being gentlemen, refused to guess, while the girls wouldn't anyway. So the problem was left to our decisions at home. String tricks held sway for a while, but finally Nadir swept all opposition aside by his mysterious card tricks which brought out cries of envy from the Bridge fiends present. Some party!

What happened on Wednesday? Oh yes, Miss Sutton gave a dance in the girls' gymnasium. All of the college seemed to be there, as well as some village girls to make up the deficiency in the number of the fairer sex. A two piece orchestra, the saxophone player having had to cancel his engagement on account of being disabled by Christmas, furnished the music. Pretty good, we'll say. Lots of room and some pretty classy dancers. Some eats too.

On Thursday the whole lot were invited to a party at the house of Professor McCarthy. It was the real thing and we

all had a wonderful time. We are sure that we all had a good time. Anyway we nearly missed next breakfast. We waited for New Year, gave "Fails ye—" and danced 'till one o'clock. It's funny but some did not get home until about two or three. We are surprised that some people live that far off.

On New Year's day there was very little doing. A lot of accidents happened, though. A child was killed at C. P. R. station, Miss Coats broke her wrist, and Mr. duBoulay began to wear a turban of bandages. We don't think that the last accident had anything to do with the second one. In the evening Dean Barton gave a stag Bridge party to some of the boys. A crowd went, and by common vote the party was declared a success. Dean Barton is a very good maker of coffee. Stan and Popp say that his cigars were the real thing.

On Saturday had another party at Doctor Harrison's. It was very enjoyable, even if some of us were a bit tired after all the previous revels. Dance, eats, and bridge formed the programme. Stan was rather lucky that evening for he "sheiked it" with the best of us but all the same found time to play Bridge and cop the gentlemen's prize, which was a peach of a necktie and also a silk handkerchief of huge dimensions and with the measles. He is now known as the Prognosticator of the college, a new degree recently authorized. His "No Trump" certainly carries a lot of weight.

Came Sunday, and we received news of the boys coming back. The wailing of Vic's saxophone brought all the terrors of the spring term ahead of schedule, and to overcome all we decided to go down to the Rex and see the Phantom of the Opera, a peculiarly gruesome picture. What a life!

Monday, all news and language sup-

pressed. Writer forced to go to work. No,
we don't believe there is a Santa Claus.
Beef and apples, pork and beans,
We're the fellows with working jeans;

Household Science, Teachers too,
Brainy post-Grads, feeling blue;
We're no fussers, we're no hicks,
"Mac," Macdonald, twenty-six.

Term End

By John West

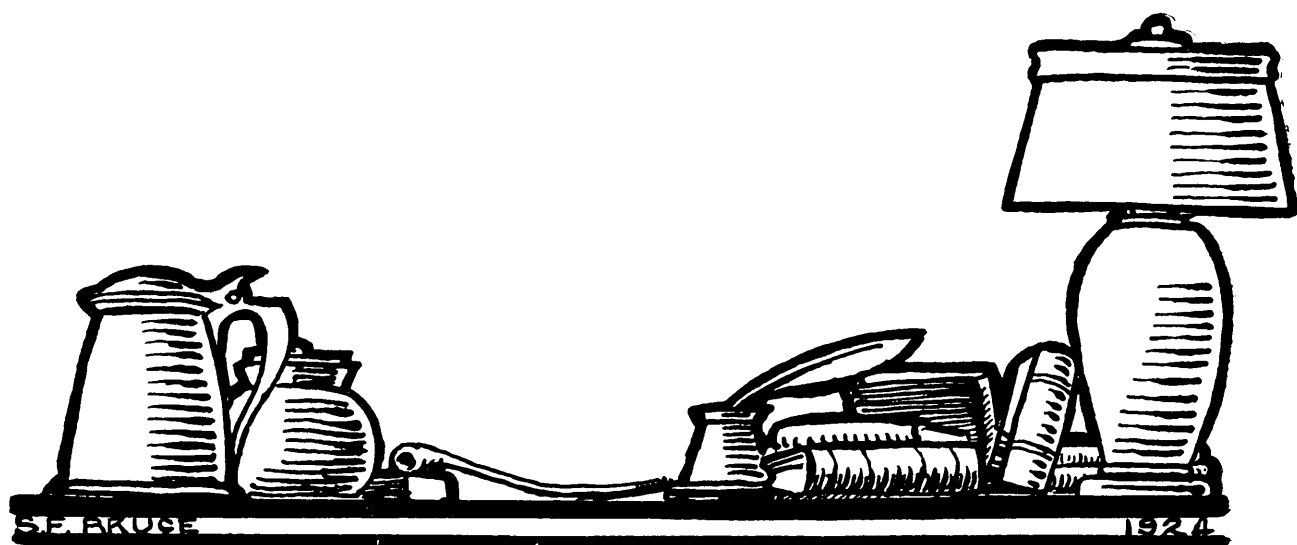
The wind is moaning around the eaves,
As it circles the college building.
It whines and plucks at the ousting leaves
On the trees that the lights are guilding.

No sound is heard in each empty room,
And the echoing halls are bare.
Each step resounds with a hollow boom
As the watch man ascends the stair.

The term is done and the boys are fled
With their minds and their hearts at rest.
Their work is over, their farewells said,
And its 'On the dance and jest!'

But those who come from a far off place
Have to wait for the boys return,
With outward jests and a merry face,
While their hearts for their own folks
yearn.





Under The Desk Lamp

Dear Mr. Editor:—

As a member of the student body, susceptible to all fashionable ailments, I charge the compilers of the recently issued "Declaration of Health" with gross neglect in their attempted defence of the health of the students here. From a perusal of the scanty list of ailments therein tabulated, it is quite evident that no medical treatises were consulted other than Wampole's and Scott Emulsion advertisements.

After an intensive study of maladies, which included Dr. Chase's Almanac, Listerine propaganda, Lydia Pinkham's Catalogue, Dodd's Almanac, leading Veterinary Journals, and other authoritative texts, I respectfully submit the following list of common ailments, from whose devastating inroads the student body should and *must* be protected.

DECLARATION.

I, the undersigned, guardian of the birthright, morals, and health of, solemnly swear that to the best of my knowledge and belief, he or she or it has not been exposed, directly or indirectly to smallpox, cowpox, chickenpox, or any other pox; measles, German measles,

Czecho-Slovakian measles, influenza, Spanish influenza, or any other nationality of influenza or measles; mumps, scarlet fever, hay fever, trench fever, spring fever; earache, erysipelas, asthma or prickly heat; typhoid, mastoid, adenoid; cholera, hog cholera, Egyptian cholera, black cholera, Danube cholera, yellow cholera. or anything which, from its colour or other symptoms, might be cholera; tuberculosis, pediculosis, halitosis; cerebo-spinal meningitis, acute anterior peylmulitis, polyneuritis, conjunctivitis, tonsilitis, laryngitis, pharyngitis, or peritonitis; ring bone, ring worm, round worm, tape worm, hookworm, scabies, rabies; sleeping sickness, bedsores, gall sores, cold sores, poison ivy, unburn, leprosy; septacemia, anemia, pernicious anemia; glanders, trench feet, flat feet, club feet, ingrowing toenails, chilblains, ptomains, growing pains; dandruff, mange, itch, barbers' itch, seven-years itch; croup, roup; gastritis, gout, goitre, gaseous gangrene, catarrh, banjo, trombone; fiddler's finger, sprained wrist, tennis elbow, housemaid's knee, or any other contagious or infectious disease to which the human race or any other race falls heir.

Signed by me this——day of——. in

the Year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and——.

.....

.....

Witnesses.

.....

Guardian Parent or

Yesterday a friend brought to my room two slips of paper—one a declaration, signed by his father, that no contagious disease had upset his household; the other from the family physician stating that he had carefully disinfected the premises—and my friend wondered which he should present at the Office. A shocking state of affairs, Mr. Editor, entirely due to the glaring incompleteness of the list of forbidden ailments. Add to the force of RIGHT the untried power of the Macdonald press, and before our grandchildren graduate, Macdonald students will enjoy ample protection.

Yours faithfully,

B. Coli.

Dear Mr. Editor:

A number of questions come to our minds when we speak of the S. C. A. at Mac. Among them we find these; does this society have a place in the life of the students, does it in any way fill this place, and is it worth while to continue the work which it has been doing.

It has been suggested by some, and no doubt there are others who have thought the same; that the work of the S. C. A. could very well be taken over, and carried on by the social activities. But, I ask you, "could it?"

Before attempting to answer this question, it may be well just to look for a moment, and see what the society has been doing, or is attempting to do. No doubt the first thing which comes to the minds of most of us is Sing-song, and it seems to me that there are many stu-

dents who seem to think that this is the only kind of work which the society does. I might even go so far as to say that there are some who have only realized the existence of sing-songs because of hot coffee and cake.

Nevertheless we are very glad to see so many turning out, and if the very active members of the Foyer club would follow the example set by some non-club members in giving a little more support to the singing, it would please us very much, and the addition would be greatly appreciated. After all, unless we have the support of the students, our sing-songs cannot amount to very much. If they are really worth while, as I have every reason to believe, judging from the personal requests which I receive from time to time to continue this work, then it is up to the students to join in, not only with the singing, but with the selecting of certain well-known hymns.

There is no need for me to encourage the second half of this Sunday evening program. There are very few who do not make the very most of it, and we are very glad to see you doing so. The place of this society, as well as that of the various other societies is to add a little flavor to college life, and to be of any assistance possible.

But that is not all this society is attempting to do. There is other work, which though not fully appreciated by many, and in which only a relatively small percentage of students take part, is one of the most important and this work is in the form of Bible study classes.

There are two classes, one for the girls and one for the boys, and both are under the leadership of members from McGill, who come out to Macdonald every other Sunday, and who are very interested in the welfare of the classes.

As I have already said, these classes

have been very small, but we consider that our efforts are not in vain, if there are at least a few who consider this work worth while and are willing to carry on. On the other hand, we would be very pleased to see a larger number of students taking an active part.

From time to time the S. C. A. has held additional features, the object of which were to give a little additional attraction and entertainment, as well as interesting and useful information.

Up until this time we have been able to procure two very able speakers, who gave very interesting talks. The first was a member from the Department of Agriculture of British Guinea, who gave a short talk on conditions in that part of the Empire. The second speaker was the Educational Secretary for the S. V. M. of North America and his address dealt with student life in China.

It is to be hoped that in the future the students will take more advantage of the opportunities offered, to hear such able speakers as we may be able to obtain.

There are many difficulties which arise from time to time making it very hard to carry on the different functions exactly as we would like them to be carried on. If at any time students have any suggestions which they think would assist us, and which would make the various activities more enjoyable for all, we would be very glad to receive them, and will give them due consideration.

The S. C. A. executive wish to take this opportunity to thank all of those who have assisted us in any way during the first term of the college year, and we hope that the second term will be even more successful than the first.

Yours sincerely,
Roy S. Bell.





The Standard Kiss

By "Mac" The P. G.

Since the uproar about the lawful kiss when the write-up appeared in the "Herald and Examiner," the writer has done some tall thinking about what should be *the* lawful kiss, referring to its length, breadth, and duration. The above mentioned publication stated that in one Yankee state the wife is entitled to at least one kiss a day, and that shall be of a very definite duration as specified by law, but any excess beyond the time limit is left to the discretion of the parties concerned. We consider the ruling a very excellent one, and as a result would like to see the system adopted in Canada, colleges preferably. Therefore we offer some suggestions about the "Standard Kiss," sincerely hoping that they may serve as a model for the present Frosh, and all other lesser molecules.

Whereas, the people of the Province of Quebec so desiring, there is a need for some standard of osculation in the province; and whereas the condition of domestic life is sadly degenerating due to lack of comparison between the lovers' kiss and the married type of osculation.

the following proposals are made in an attempt to remedy the deficiency.

The power of the kiss shall be limited to thirty-two H. P.; no attempt must be made to use auxiliary machinery to increase the potency.

Putting more than three coils of arms around the female shall be punishable by deportation to Turkey.

The actual area occupied by the kiss shall not exceed more than thirty square inches. Larger frontage may be had by the deposit of four dollars with the K. K. K.

Atmospheric pressure of osculation shall not exceed forty pounds per square inch; osmotic pressure shall be at least 375 atmospheres.

Any temperature developed shall be recorded. Temperatures which are able to melt an icicle of 300 tons weight in less than ten seconds are illegal. Participants developing negative temperatures must start over again.

The distance separating the two participants shall be as follows;

(1) Between mushers, lawful limit is 1.29 millimicrons.

(2) Between girl room-mates, one inch to 1 foot, depending on finances.

(3) Between brother and sister, one foot to sixteen inches.

(4) Husband and wife, one yard to a cross on a post card.

(5) Between son-in-law and mother-in-law, just a postcard.

The female participant shall not raise her foot more than twelve inches above

the soil surface. Offenders shall be punished by making them repeat the experiment with a taller male.

The speed limit shall not exceed 29 per second; and the time limit is restricted to four minutes per each.

All the above rules and regulations are subject to changes in the climatic conditions.

Illustrated booklets free on request. Personal attention shall be given to promising students.



"The Bachelors' Inferno"

(with abject apologies to Dante)

I had been sitting for some time in my study, drowsily congratulating myself on having successfully resisted all attempts to entice me to the College dance, when I became aware of a majestic Being in white standing by my side. He beckoned to me and I followed, impelled by a force I was unable to resist. We passed through the locked door, without apparent effort, into the deserted corridor and started to descend into the bowels of the earth. I remember marvelling at the lack of elevators and the sulphurous fumes became each moment more pronounced. We came at length to a gloomy cavern in which, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I perceived many figures which writhed and twisted in eternal torment. These my guide informed me, were mortals who suffered these punishments for the sins which they had committed above.

We passed through many of these halls till we came to a den more foul and noisome than the rest. This, said my guide was the lowest hell of all, specially reserved for bachelors who had neglected the many opportunities of matrimony offered them on earth. I had ample opportunity of observing these unhappy men as they toiled at their endless tasks driven on by their unearthly attendants.

Some, whose fingers dripped blood; unceasingly darned an endless sock. Others

strove unavailingly to quiet the howls of demon children who filled the air with their dreadful cries. Some, I saw, who staggered under immense loads of parcels which constantly eluded their grasp, or pushed perambulators up a never-ending slippery slope. Most unluckily of all were those unhappy ones I saw chained in their cells and forced to listen to the ceaseless nagging of horrible female gorgons. In red hot kitchens were others doomed to eat the food which they had cooked. Here the smell of the charred victuals was nauseating in the extreme.

"Take warning" said my guide, "from the state of these miserable beings who are now undergoing the tribulations which on earth they escaped by their cowardice."

At this point his figure seemed to swell and become shadowy and the hall receded into the distance. The smell of burning, however, which I had previously noticed became more pronounced and I was conscious of acute pain. I awoke with a start to find that I had fallen asleep against the radiator. Alarmed and unnerved as I was by this supernatural visitation, further sleep was out of the question and I saw by my watch that the night was not yet far advanced. As I hastened over to the dance I hoped that there perhaps an opportunity might be granted me of escaping so terrible a fate.





PROPOSALS A LA MODE

In Ancient Days.

(After many months of proper courtship.)

He: "Most fair and noble lady, when I first met thee on that never-to-be-forgotten day, my spirit told me that I had met my heart's desire. For months now, O most gracious beauty, I have been an-hungered for thy exquisite presence. Each precious word, dropping like pearls from thy most ruby lips, have I treasured deep in the secret recesses of my heart. And now, O most fair Mistress, I would that thou shouldest honour thy most humble slave with thy fair hand in the solemn ritual of Holy Matrimony."

She faints in his arms.

In Modern Times.

(After meeting her for the first time at the dance.)

He: "Say kid, is it a go?"

She: "Why, sure!"

They mush.

SOMETHING THAT I HAVE HEARD AND NOTICED MYSELF

Why is it that Steve is so interested in women after meals?

How much does a man need to satisfy his appetite?

Why is it that Wallie is sick so often when it is time to go to lectures?

How can lectures have so bad an influence on a man?

Is it true that he knows where to find the smallest element in Nature?

Why is it that Paul instead of looking East South East in the dining hall, looks East North East now?

How could he be attracted towards North, himself being so warm?

Is it true that a burning heart cools down one day?

Why is it that Roy is so interested in the village at nights?

How could his feelings change so suddenly?

Is it true that he is getting married this spring?

Why is it that Champ came back from holidays with no moustache? How did it happen?

Is it true that he is engaged to a nice brunette?

How can he start a 500,000 bird farm?

Why is it that Codge drags his feet along the corridors now?

Why is it that Dick is so dreamy nowa-days?

How did he get that way?

Is it true that he sighed over her already?

Why is it that Stan is so nice to women?

Is it true that he loves them all?

How can he be true to everyone of them?

AT THE PHILARMONIC CONCERT

C. F.—Isn't the music grand?

W. W. W.—If they only had the pipers now . . . it would be thrilling.

AFTER XMAS HOLIDAYS

1st Senior—I thought those girls would have had enough time during the holidays to wash their faces.

2nd Senior—What? They had gone home to get the latest flour brand with the new methods of applying it.

Say Roy, can you tell me why your moustache does not grow any more? Has it been in contact with some "hairocide."

She—Can't Stan leave the women alone?

He—Why? Does he hurt them?

She—.....

He—Answer

She—(after a long hesitation) No!

P. Grad.—Where is Dick?

R.—He is gone to the station to meet the evening train.

P. Grad.—Oh!

Paul—(Lying on the bed for two hours.) I'd like to fuss every day this week.

Levy—Why don't you?

Paul—Too much work.

Frosh—Which one should I take out to-night? Both of them are very nice girls.

Senior—It all depends what you want to do.

S.—Why didn't you come to the dance?

C.—I did not feel like going.

S.—Oh gee! they were wild to-night.

THE CONTENTED KIND

Chief—"I only engage married men."

Applicant— ? ?

Chief—"Yes, they are not in such a hurry to leave the office."

READY TO HELP

Married hubby:—"Business is still pretty bad dear. If you could economize a little in dresses, wear something plainer."

Wifey:—"Certainly darling, I'll order some plainer dresses the first thing in the morning."

After a short lecture on physical measurements where the prof. was not prepared to lecture and had to dismiss the students.

Student:—"The only difference between the prof. and I is that when he does not know anything I'm very glad but when I don't know anything he gets mad."

"How come, Benny, I thought you were a woman hater and I saw you out with one last light?"

"Sure! I hate 'em so much, I always have to hang around 'em to keep myself mad."—*U. of Wash. Columns.*

"They have a new name for the divorce records now."

"Yes, 'Who's Whose in America.' "

—*Washington Dirge*

Why should the modern girl shudder and turn pale at the prospect of washing the family dishes? It is reported from Paris that Dr. Gomme has discovered the real reason. It seems he has hit upon the startling fact, that the young women of to-day are suffering from latent alternations in the cervico-brachial nerve plexus. To any who feel alarmed at this statement, may I hasten to add, that the learned doctor states the condition may be successfully treated.

Can it be, that once upon a time, young women rushed eagerly to strap on a rubber apron and plunge their soft and delicate hands into the cleansing suds three times a day after meals?

Such may have been the case in fairy tales, but I feel quite safe in observing, that probably there never was such a time, or never will be. Dishes have always had to be washed by someone, but no properly constituted young woman ever loved washing dishes for their own sake.

The truth of the matter probably lies in the fact that, in former days, when mothers *did* run their own families, all the mother had to say, after the initial period of instruction was "Now come along, my gel, and get busy with the dishes"—And my gel got busy with the dishes. To-day, there has been a considerable "let-up" in discipline, with the result that the modern girl, in strongly voicing her distaste at the prospect of washing dishes—usually manages to "get away with it."

Women of the older generation, must be mildly amused at the recent explanations of an old condition. The fact that

the disease is curable, however, rather spoils things for the younger generation. Good excuses, pleading absence from lectures, however, are even in demand,—and anything can always be tried once. It will be interesting to note the number of absences in "dish washing" classes from now on.—B. C.

Ask me no more why hope is gone,
And sadly do I take my seat;
The Assembly made me quite forlorn
And I was glad to make retreat.

My grammar from the townships came
"Becuz," and "wuz," and "dontcherno?"
My head was muddled just the same,
And I forgot to speak just so.

I promised to improve my ways
And always say "because" and "was;"
But I forget and then I says
"Oh dontcherno?" Indeed I does.

—M. McKelvey.

The Dean, he said the other day
In tones I could not disobey,
"Compose a poem right away"
"Or die in the attempt," I say.

I've rubbed my head and racked my brain,
No inspiration just the same,
Now what's the use of such a name?
If it doesn't bring you any fame.

My fellow mates have reached success
In simple rhymes, which, none the less,
Have brought to light their great prowess
And fine poetic strain, I guess.

—Dorothy Billingsley.





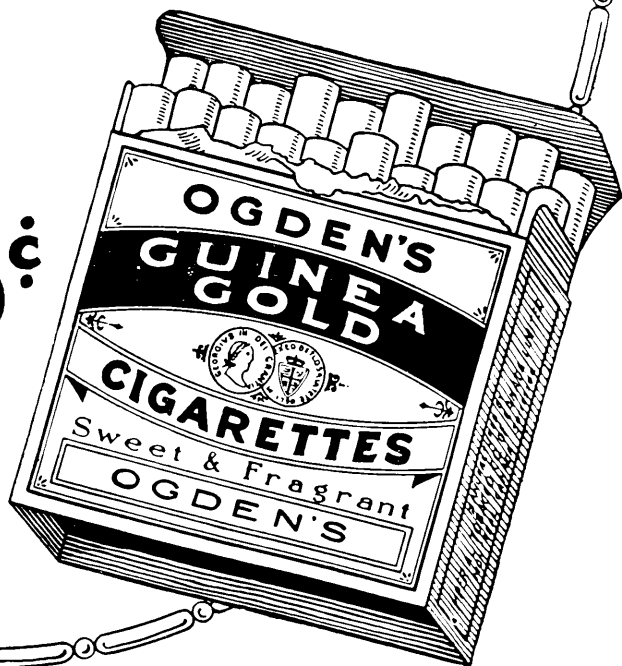
12 for 15¢

GUINEA GOLD CIGARETTES

*"Mild and
Extra Fine"*

20 for 25¢

OGDEN'S
LIVERPOOL



JOKES AT END OF EXCHANGES

"What are you going to be when you are a man?"

"Nuffin!"

"Why so?"

"Because," said the child, "I am a little girl."

Mrs. Lansing—"Think of those Spaniards going 3,000 miles on a galleon."

Gisondi—"Aw, forget it. You can't believe all you hear about those foreign cars."

Mr. Graves (in chapel)—"Can't some of you people double up on the song books?"

Frosh—"We're not all contortionists."

"Mary, have you seen my morning paper?"

"Dad, it must have been the one I used to wrap up the fudge Bert took home with him last night."

"What could be more of a job than putting up 'No Trespassing' signs around the 'Sands of Time'?"

"Repapering the 'Hall of fame.' "

Purchaser—"What's the charge for this battery?"

Garageman—"One and a half volts."

Purchaser—"How much is that in American money?"

A man in the hospital for the insane sat dangling a stick with a piece of string attached over a flower bed. A visitor approached and, wishing to be affable, remarked:

"How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

SLIGHTLY MIXED

An insurance company gleaned these amusing yet pathetic answers from some of its application blanks.

Mother died in infancy. Father went to bed feeling well and woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 105. Up to this time he bade fair to live to a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but remembers that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Applicant has, to the best of my knowledge, never been fatally sick.

Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a small child.

Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.

Mother's death was caused by chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.

Father died suddenly. Nothing serious.

You give me such dark looks your grandpa must have been a negro.

Teacher—Name a foreign fruit.

Poor Lonely Female—A date.

SHE WASN'T GEOGRAPHICAL

Old Colored Mammy—Ah wants a ticket for Florence.

Ticket Agent—(After 10 minutes weary thumbing of railroad guides) Where is Florence, madam?

Old Colored Mammy—Sitting over thar on the bench, suh.

Sam—Where were y'u las' night?

Doc—May and I went coupeying.

"Big time, I suppose?

"Fair. May did the cooing and I did the paying!"—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



constitutes 81% of
all the baking powder
sold in Canada

The Nation's Favorite!

LEO'S QUALITY STORE

SUBMARINE PRICES

-

AEROPLANE QUALITY

Eastman Films and Kodaks

Developing and Printing

Waterman and Parker Duofold Pens

Stationery, Tooth Paste, Face Creams, Powders, etc.

Banners made to order and always in stock.

SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES.

*"If you don't see what you want, call in. The
only trimming done here is in the windows."*



MR. FARMER,

Everywhere,

Dear Sir:—

You know of the many hard and tedious jobs there are on the farm, such as:—

Digging out stumps.
 Breaking boulders.
 Making holes for tree planting, etc.
 Road grading.
 Sub-soiling orchards, etc.
 Breaking ice and log jams.
 Splitting heavy timbers.
 Excavating foundations.
 Well sinking, etc., etc.

All these can be done cheaper, quicker, easier and much more satisfactorily by C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder.

In looking over your farm do you not see stumps and boulders which you wished were miles away, especially when you have to work around them and perhaps broken some implement? A few minutes of your time during slack seasons and a charge of C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder will make your wish a fact.

C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder is safe to handle if used, according to instructions contained in each box. C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder has been used for nearly fifteen years and has proved a great help to thousands of farmers every year.

Owing to the special freight rate granted by the Railways in Canada it has enabled us to distribute C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder, at a minimum cost.

Ask your dealer for further particulars or write us and we will mail, free of charge, one of our illustrated booklets, containing information and tables clearly showing how to use and the quantity of C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder for various work on the Farm.

When writing to us, please mention the work in which you are particularly interested.

Yours very truly,

CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: Montreal, P.Q.

Branch Offices at

Montreal
 Toronto
 Sudbury
 Cobalt
 Calgary
 Vancouver
 Nelson

Halifax
 Ottawa
 Timmins
 Winnipeg
 Edmonton
 Victoria
 Prince Rupert